The Outlook

MAY 30, 1923

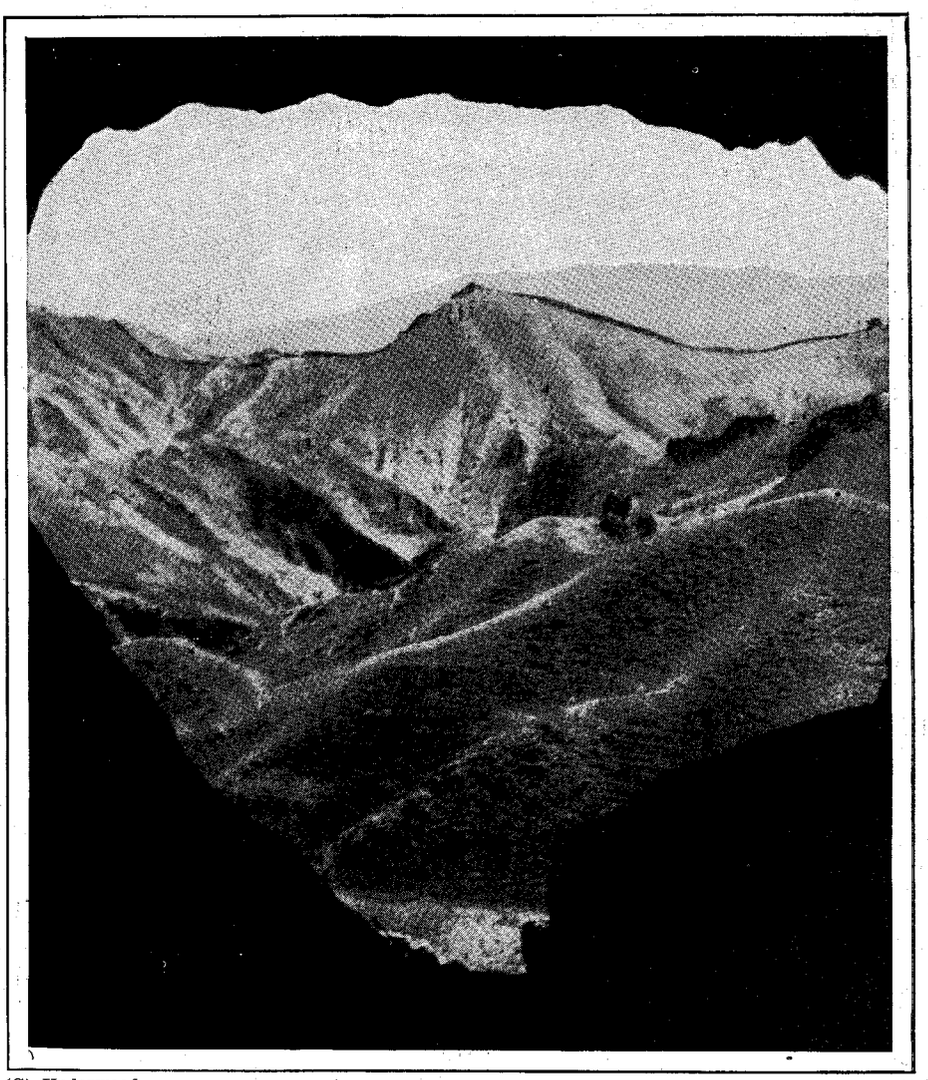
CHINA NEGOTIATES WITH ITS BANDITS

TWO weeks after the seizure of foreigners by the Chinese bandits who attacked a railway train the captives are still in a condition of extreme danger. Reports that the Chinese troops have been firing upon the bandits, who have retired to the top of a mountain peak which is said to be inaccessible to serious attack, lack confirmation. It is, in fact, extremely improbable that an attack by force would be allowed, because of the danger to the captives involved.

In all the reports that have reached us up to May 22 very little is said about the paying of ransom for the prisoners and a great deal is said about the demands of the bandits to be forgiven and made a part of China's military establishment. The bandits have gone further than their first demand and insist that they should be organized into separate military bodies to be established in precisely those provinces and localities which seem most agreeable to them, and to be officered by bandit leaders who are named.

It is not surprising that the foreign diplomats at Peking are complaining that the Chinese Government is not fulfilling its promise to procure the release of the captives by payment of ransom if necessary, or that a report of a foreign physician who has been allowed to visit some of the captives should lay stress on the fact that they feel that foreign intervention is the only means of bringing about their release.

At latest report, fourteen foreigners were still held in bondage. The one pleasant incident of the week here reported was the release of Mrs. Manuel Verea, who was with difficulty persuaded to let the bandit chiefs send her to the relief station, despite her continued unwillingness to leave her husband. Mrs. Verea reports that the conditions of the prison camp were horrible, but that personally she was treated as well as those conditions allowed. She says that the captives think that their only chance of safety is in the withdrawal of the troops, and she reports also that the bandits declared that they never would have released Miss Lucy Aldrich, sister of Mrs. John D. Rockefeller, if they had known her identity—an indication that the bandits are not so indifferent to the question of ransom as many have supposed.



(C) Underwood

THIS PICTURE SHOWS THE RUGGED MOUNTAIN REGION OF SHANTUNG WHERE THE CHINESE BANDITS ARE HOLDING THEIR PRISONERS

HOW IS IT WITH WEIHAIWEI?

IN a letter from Japan there have come to The Outlook some clippings which report facts that we have not seen mentioned in any despatches in American newspapers. They relate to Great Britain's negotiations with China concerning the leased territory of Weihaiwei. In order to understand the nature of these negotiations, it is necessary to revert briefly to the trouble over Shantung and to the doings of the Washington Armament Conference.

Long before the Japanese got into Tsingtau, in the province of Shantung, the British got into another Chinese port, Weihaiwei. As Mr. Balfour, now Lord Balfour, explained at the Washington Conference, Great Britain leased that territory from China "in order to bring some foreign equipoise to the assistance of China." After the Russian seizure of Port Arthur, Weihaiwei was acquired as a port of defense against Russia.

Of course Weihaiwei was not acquired by the British primarily out of compassion for China, but out of a very keen and intelligent sense of the need for proper measures for the protection of British interests in the Far East; and the protection of those interests was vital to the protection of all interests against aggressive power in that part of the world. Much later Japan acquired the German rights within the province of Shantung. American public opinion deplored what

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seemed to be the succession of Japan, not only to the German property, but to the German spirit in the Far East, and the failure of the Peace Treaty of Versailles to secure Japan's withdrawal from this Chinese territory of Tsingtau aroused our dissatisfaction.

It is therefore one of the great achievements of the Armament Conference at Washington that Japan and China by negotiations, not within the Conference but concurrently with it, finally came to an agreement under which Japan promised to withdraw.

At the plenary session of that Conference, Balfour, speaking for the British, announced that Great Britain, under conditions similar to those arranged for by the Shantung agreement, of her own accord proposed to hand back Weihaiwei to China. He said that it had been used as a sanitarium and summer resort for ships-of-war, and he doubted not that "it would be available for that innocent and healthful purpose in time to come."

In December, 1922, Japan withdrew completely and finally from the port of Tsingtau and all the other territory which she in any way controlled in Shantung.

Some Americans seemed to be impatient with Japan, as if the matter could be settled in a day or a week. It is interesting to note, however, that, though Japan has been for five months out of Shantung, the British are still in Weihaiwei.

The despatches which we find in the newspaper clippings sent to us from Japan show that the British and Chinese are still disagreeing on various points and the final settlement seems to be far off. The most important points on which the committees differ are reported to be as follows:

1. Establishment of a special administrative district.
2. Conditions for the transfer of British Government land.
3. Withdrawal of the British soldiers and sailors stationed on Liukungtao Island.
4. Disposal of the revenue from the Weihaiwei maritime customs.
5. Government land which Great Britain desires to reserve.
6. Question of the lease of land in the Weihaiwei district.
7. Government property which Great Britain desires to retain.
8. Buildings on the Liukungtao Island which will be rented to the British navy as a summer resort for naval men.

We report this, not for any purpose of intimating lack of good faith on Britain's part, but simply to indicate that established rights of this sort are not easily disposed of, and that Japan deserves credit for the good faith she has shown and the comparative rapidity with which she has fulfilled her pledges.

BONAR LAW'S RETIREMENT

THOUGH the Conservative Government which has been in power in England since last November is not going out of power, the retirement of Mr. Bonar Law, the Prime Minister, announced last week, brings the Conservative party into a serious crisis.

There was little reason to believe that the Conservatives could long manage to control Parliament, and it is greatly to the credit of Mr. Bonar Law that he has managed to steer the Government safely through its difficulties for even these few months. The immediate and sufficient cause for his retirement has been his health. He has been suffering from an ailment which has affected his throat and has made it impossible for him to participate in the debates in the House. A bulletin by physicians has announced that his general health is not good. During his Premiership he has grown in public estimation, and among his political opponents and among both factions of his party there is regret at his withdrawal.

For some weeks he has been absent from England in search of a renewal of his health, and during his absence Marquis Curzon, Foreign Minister, has been virtually Acting Prime Minister.

As we go to press Stanley Baldwin, Chancellor of the Exchequer, has been chosen as Bonar Law's successor.

Mr. Whelpley's correspondence from England on another page was of course written before Mr. Bonar Law's retirement was announced, and describes the conditions which will make the course of any Government in England difficult and threaten the power of the Conservative party under any leadership.

GERMAN "PASSIVE" RESISTANCE

WHY the resistance of the Germans to the French in the Ruhr should be called "passive" is not quite clear. It is rather feebly violent. In a single despatch in the New York "Times" Mr. T. Walter Williams describes a number of incidents in this German passivity. In one case a bomb was placed under a bridge with the object of displacing it so that it would fall into the street; but it happened not to do much damage. In another case the chief waterway from the Ruhr to the Rhine was closed by the sinking of barges. Afterwards it was nearly put out of commission by the explosion of a mine which was designed to blow out its sides and to empty it of its water. In many cases French soldiers were subjected to sniping at night and to open attack in the daytime. These are but a few instances of the repeated violence which is none the less violent because of the limited resources which the Germans have at their command.

Open approval of the Germans for using all the strength and violence that they can command for resisting the French would be understandable, but approval of the Germans for confining their resistance to passive resistance is beyond comprehension, because the resistance is not passive.

Meantime there seem to be indications of growing dissatisfaction among the wage-earning population in the Ruhr. Some of them are seeing that the resistance is mainly in the interest of the great industrial magnates.

Maximilian Harden, whose plain-spokenness has not always been consistent, but has invariably been interesting, was reported to have acknowledged that Germany has not executed the Treaty to the extent which she might have done; but the German people have been told so often that the Treaty is not possible of execution that they have come to believe that they cannot carry out any of their obligations. He believes that seventy-five per cent of the demands can be met, and says, according to a despatch in the New York "Times," "Let the German people first carry out seventy-five per cent of the programme, and then we can talk about the remaining twenty-five per cent." He apparently has not much hope for American intervention, for he says that America will think twice before involving herself in European affairs again. He adds that in the pre-war dramas the rich uncle from America always came to the rescue with his pocketbook, but that the times had changed.

We believe that if Germany followed Maximilian Harden's advice and honestly undertook seventy-five per cent of what is required of her she would find America's attitude somewhat different from what it is to-day —and not only America's attitude, but the attitude of France and other countries as well.

RUMORS ARE NOT FACTS

IT has been reported that charges emanating from Governor-General Wood, of the Philippines, have been made against men prominent in

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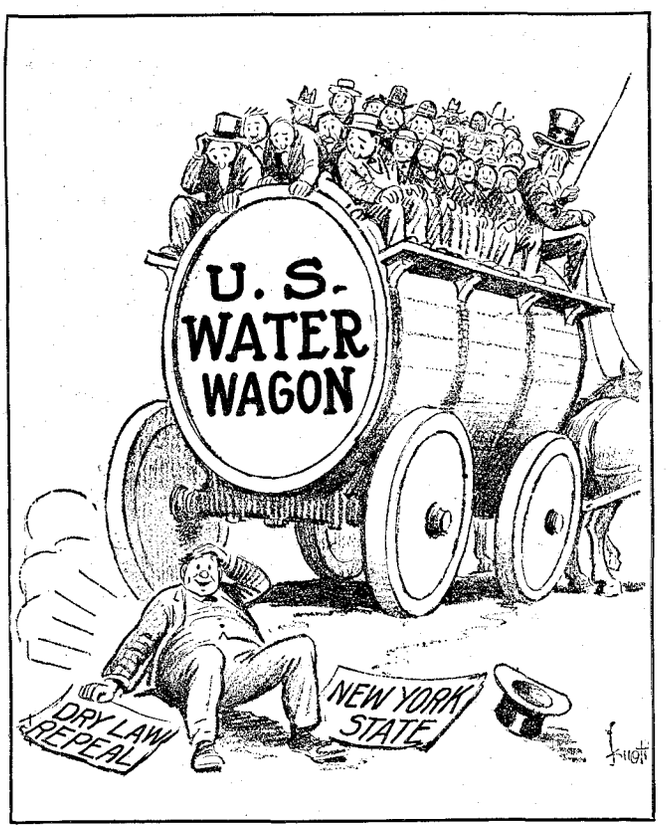
LET US BE WORRIED

(Henry V, Act I, Scene 2)

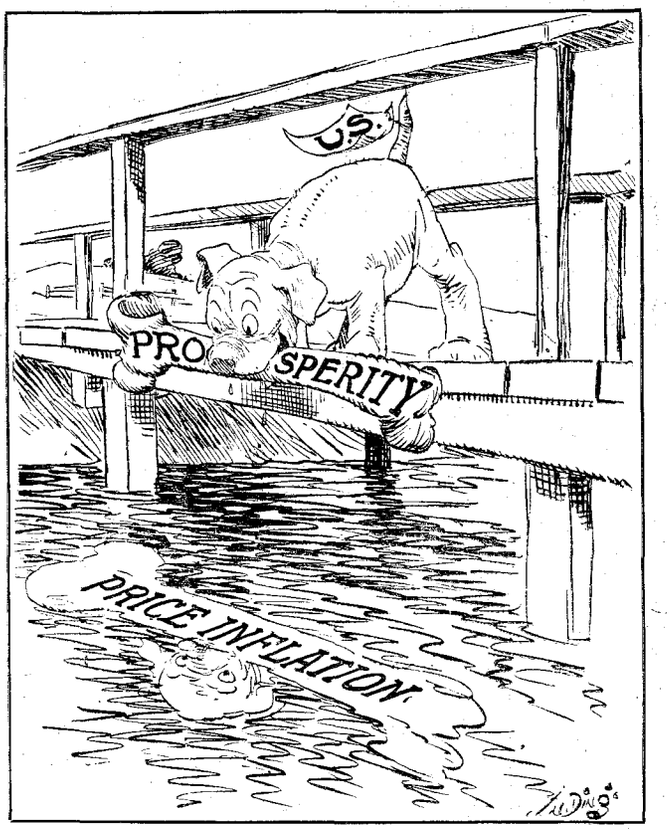
Knott in the Dallas Morning News



"HEY! ONE FELL OFF!"

From Thomas R. Havins, Brownwood, Texas

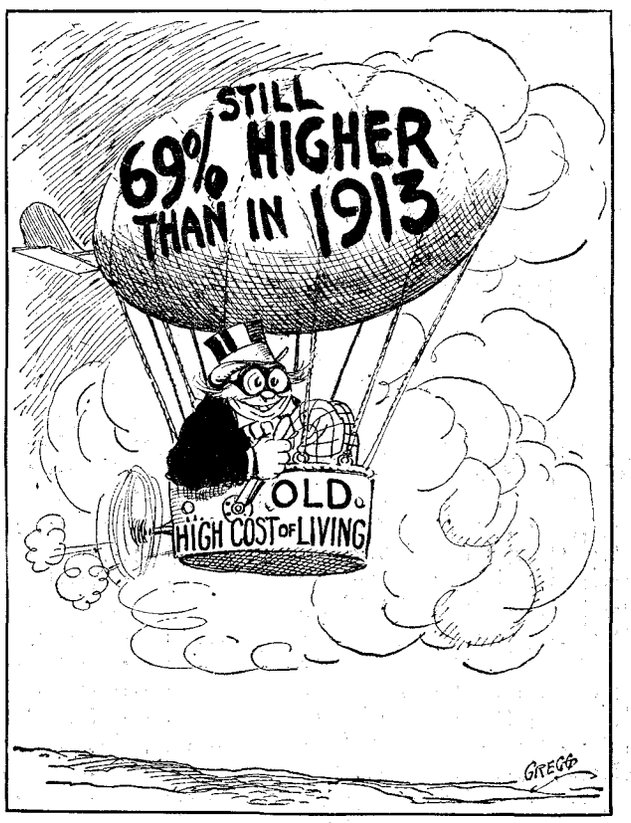
Darling in the Des Moines Register



WILL HE DROP THE BONE?

From Otis V. Moon, Des Moines, Iowa

Gregg in the Denver Post



SPEAKING OF THOSE NON-STOP FLIGHTS

From Paul Case, San Quentin, California

Hungerford in the Pittsburgh Evening Sun

SOMETHING TO IRON OUT

From M. J. Klein, Pittsburgh, Pa.

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Washington social and political life of having received payment from the Philippine Independence Commission for espousing the cause of independence for the islands. Representative Frear, of Wisconsin, who is an advocate of Philippine independence, has shown his resentment by mailing to all members of Congress a letter in which he attacks Governor-General Wood's motives, not only in his policy with regard to the Philippines, but in his course as a candidate for the Presidential nomination in 1920. So far as we can ascertain, there has been published in this country no authentic account of any charges made by General Wood against anybody. General Wood, it is reported, has been making an investigation as to the expenditure of public money in the islands in behalf of independence propaganda; but all attacks upon General Wood for what he is alleged to have said are based upon rumor, and not upon any authentic statement by him.

There is no way by which a man can betray his own weakness or the weakness of his cause more clearly than by attacking the motives of his opponents. Representative Frear has done himself and the cause in which he believes an injury in the minds of all right-thinking people when, instead of directing his arguments against General Wood's policy or course, he has attempted to slur his motives.

Our readers will be well advised to suspend their judgment on this whole matter until rumors are replaced by authentic and trustworthy information.

J. A. MACDONALD, JOURNALIST, ORATOR, PUBLICIST

JAMES A. MACDONALD, of Toronto, who died at his home in Toronto on May 14, was a few years ago perhaps the most widely known Canadian citizen. As managing editor of Canada's foremost daily newspaper, the Toronto "Globe," from 1902 until 1915; as delegate and as speaker at conventions and at international gatherings of many kinds; as the friend and associate of public men in many countries; as traveler and as lecturer on questions of international peace, democracy, and public service, it is said that he met more people, appeared on more public platforms, and spoke before larger audiences outside of his own country than any other Canadian of his day.

Dr. Macdonald was born in 1862 in Ontario. Following a theological course at Knox College, Toronto, he

DR. J. A. MACDONALD

spent some time in post-graduate work at Free Church College, Edinburgh. A call to the pulpit of Knox Church, St. Thomas, one of the largest churches in western Ontario, was accepted in 1891, but five years later he gave it up to found the "Westminster," a weekly Presbyterian magazine. In this work he was remarkably successful. His editorial survey of public affairs and events was a notable feature and marked him as a journalist of much ability. The "Westminster" absorbed one after another most of the other Canadian Presbyterian publications of the day. A monthly magazine number was launched, and many of the best Canadian writers became contributors. It was during this period that his friend the Rev. C. W. Gordon, of Winnipeg, began in the "Westminster" his first series of sketches of missionary life in the mining districts of British Columbia, to which the name of Ralph Connor was attached. These sketches were published later under the titles of "Black Rock" and "The Sky Pilot."

In 1902 the position of managing editor of the Toronto "Globe" became vacant, and the editor of the "Westminster" was invited to fill the place. For more than half a century the "Globe" had been the leading organ of the Liberal party, and its editors had always been strong party men and leaders of public opinion. The appointment of a clergyman, therefore, to the position of managing editor was a good deal of an experiment. The new editor, however, soon showed that he had the necessary qualities of intellectual strength, independence of judgment, vigorous leadership, faith in fundamental principles, and wholesome optimism.

As editor of the Liberal organ Dr. Macdonald proceeded at once to take an active hand in the councils of the Liberal party, to help shape its policy and mold public opinion along liberal and advanced lines.

It has been said that Dr. Macdonald was the strongest living link between Canada and the United States and the best interpreter of Canada to Great Britain. "Other men have said," he declared at a great convention, "that this or that trade policy would work for political union on this continent. They think only on the surface who so speak. Tariff or no tariff, reciprocity or no reciprocity, free trade or no free trade, the United States and Canada are two national units, two in their distinctive forms of government they shall remain. But our English-speaking people are one people, one in the thousand years of their historic background, one in their inbred passion for liberty, one in the genius of their law, one in the wealth of their literature, one in the foundation of their faith, one in the eternal purpose of the God of nations. What God has joined together let not the petty politics of man put asunder."

UNCLE SAM'S TRADE BALANCE

FOR the first time since 1914 the balance of foreign trade in merchandise in March of this year turned against the United States. The excess of imports over exports was nearly $61,000,000, a sum sufficiently large, in spite of an excess of exports during the other three months, to place the balance against us for the first four months of 1923.

There is not in this anything alarming. The Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce points out that the goods brought in have consisted largely of raw materials for manufacture. The almost unparalleled pick-up in industry in the United States during the past several months has made it necessary to buy abroad considerable quantities of wool, hides, cotton, and other raw materials, the finished articles from which are being satisfactorily sold. The turn of the trade balance is an incident in our mounting prosperity, as the Bureau sees it.

That aside, the nomenclature of international trade is a bit confusing. What is called an unfavorable balance might well be considered, in one sense, a favorable balance. It simply means that during the period covered we have

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)ught more goods from other nations an we sold to them.

The trade balance in merchandise is)t at all the net balance between the)ited States and the rest of the)rld. There are many important)ms not shown in it. During the ten ars before the war, when the balance our favor ran around half a billion llars, we were paying interest on)cks held by foreigners in many of r large industrial concerns and rail-ays. We were paying ocean freight foreign nations on practically all r tonnage. To-day the former of ese items is reversed. Interest, in-ead of going from the United States Europe, is coming from Europe to e United States. A much larger rcentage of our tonnage is now ansported in our own bottoms, and e money for freight charges remains home. Immigrant remittances, ways a large item, are thought to be) larger than before the war.

Dr. Julius Klein, Director of the ureau of Foreign and Domestic Com-erce, believes that the turn of the erchandise trade balance against us ill mean the shipment of gold to urope. This the Department of Com-erce looks upon as a desirable devel-)ment. Secretary Hoover in a public ldress recently expressed the hope :at some of our accumulated surplus ! gold would soon start flowing out.

It is pointed out, however, that re-ersal of the trade balance does not ecessarily mean gold shipments to urope. It may result merely in book ansactions by which gold will be ansferred to the credit of nationals ! other countries, while the gold itself emains in the United States.

NOTHER LABOR BANK

THE labor bank opened the other day with interesting ceremonies nd with Governor Smith, Samuel ompers, Senator Copeland, and Ethel arrymore as its first depositors is)t the first institution of its kind in ew York City. Both the new bank, hich is to be called the Federation ank, and that opened some time ago nder the name of the Amalgamated ank are in close relations with the merican Federation of Labor. The malgamated Bank is affiliated with ie union known as the Amalgamated lothing Workers; while the new ank has as its president Mr. P. J. Brady, the head of the Allied Printing 'rades Council. Thus it is seen that, ı New York at least, the labor banks o far established are to afford bank-ng facilities each to the unions and 'orkers in a particular industry.

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A NEW LABOR BANK—THE FIRST DEPOSITORS (LEFT TO RIGHT), GOVERNOR SMITH OF NEW YORK, SAMUEL GOMPERS, AND SENATOR COPELAND; ETHEL BARRYMORE; SARAH CONBOY, OF THE UNITED TEXTILE WORKERS. PETER J. BRADY, PRESIDENT OF THE BANK, AT RIGHT

How far this may be carried generally throughout the country remains to be seen.

The first of these labor banks, the pioneer in this new development of organized labor, was established at Cleveland under the auspices of the Locomotive Brotherhood and with Mr. Warren Stone, the head of that union, as its president. It is understood that it has been successful in a business way and that, although some of its methods of competition in obtaining municipal and county funds were not approved by other banks of Cleveland, it has a large surplus and apparently is soundly capitalized. In this case the union with which the bank is associated holds a controlling interest in the stock. It holds out a special inducement to depositors in its promise to pay stockholders not over 10 per cent dividends and to give the depositors the benefit of larger earnings in the form of increases in interest on deposits. This of course would not affect small depositors individually, but would be a financial benefit to the unions, which would presumably hold large deposits in the bank.

In commenting on this new development in banking last year, we pointed out that it is an additional argument for the placing of trades unions under the provisions of the Sherman Anti-Trust Law, from which they are now exempt. It is equally an argument for insisting upon the incorporation of trades unions, and thus subjecting their funds to claims or decisions made against unions. Through control of the banks they have established, the unions are more and more assuming, even if indirectly, the privileges of corporations, and should be subjected to full responsibility. Of course the banks themselves are subject both to corporation and banking laws, but the unions, acting as majority stockholders, remain as regards those laws just where they were before.

What we suggest is quite in line with Governor Smith's remark at the opening of the new labor bank: "Such an enterprise will impress upon the mind of labor some of the problems of business. It will impress upon the mind of business some of the problems labor is pressing to have solved."

THE BUILDING SITUATION

IT is not in New York City alone that building operations have been stopped because of scarcity of labor, excessive wage demands, and high cost of material. Reports indicate that in Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, and Pennsylvania there has been cessation of building, and that at Dayton and Pittsburgh the standstill in construction work has been notably great.

When we read that about thirty years ago there were 159,000 stone and brick masons in the country, while to-day there are only 134,000, one cause of the building troubles is evident. The building trades unions, through fear of seeing wages fall, have

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kept men out of their trades and have discouraged apprenticeships; so that, for instance, we have only 134,000 masons available to-day when the country could very easily use 200,000.

The law of supply and demand sometimes works slowly, but at times it works uncomfortably fast. Just now we are in a period of high prices and high wages. There is a pressure of population toward the big centers, a demand for houses and factories, and cutthroat competition between contractors, each striving to get his work done first. As a result we find bricklayers in Brooklyn getting $12 a day, with special bonuses, and striking for more, and plasterers in Manhattan Borough asking for $14 a day. The strike of perhaps 2,000 bricklayers in New York City on May 20 may, by holding up other kinds of work, stop construction on buildings estimated to cost $125,000,000.

Remedies have been urged that may be sound in theory but may also be slow in operation. One is that made by the American Construction Council, which recommends that banking interests curtail the financing of speculative building until after the close of the summer, that wide publicity be given to the increased trend of construction costs of labor and material, and that Governmental, municipal, and State construction departments be urged to delay their work.

The emphasis is, and should be, laid upon stopping speculative building and refusing building credits to speculative builders. One result of the wild race between builders who want to make a quick profit is to lower the quality of work; while the average purchaser in a hurry to get factory or office or residence is ill fitted to judge of construction and material. A temporary boom of building is an incentive to scamping in material and construction.

There is a strong tendency to crowd the year's building activities into five or six months, whereas a little care and patience might make it possible to spread the building season over a longer time, and thus help prevent such a block as we see to-day.

Financiers have a great responsibility in this crisis. By refusing to encourage speculative work and urging postponement where it is possible, the bank credit may be made a potent influence in stopping the competition for workers and materials; lists show that in New York City brick and plumbing materials are from fifty to seventy-five per cent higher than they were a year ago, while there are instances where single workmen have received as high as $20 for a single day's work. The fact that forty per cent more construction has been planned in New York City this year than last goes a long way to explain these absurdities. When the reaction comes, the discontent will be greater among wage-earners than if reasonable compromise had not given way before extravagant demands and abnormal conditions.

GROUPING THE RAILWAYS

As progress is made in the hearings of the Inter-State Commerce Commission on the plan to consolidate all of the railways of the country into nineteen great systems it becomes apparent that, for once, there is no concert of action or opinion among the railway companies. In the first place, the roads divide into two groups, one of which is agreeable to some sort of consolidation and the other of which opposes the entire scheme. Among those that favor consolidation there are almost as many opinions as there are railway companies as to how it should be accomplished.

The Commission, acting under Congressional mandate contained in the Transportation Act of 1920, is trying to perfect a plan for combining all the railways into a limited number of systems approximately equal in financial strength. The main object of course is to eliminate the weak road, which has always had to be nursed through rate adjustments, by consolidating it with one or more strong roads.

The most persistent objection in the hearings has been that, even if it were possible to group the roads so that they would be of equal strength, the more enterprising system would forge ahead to such an extent as to make another grouping necessary within a few years. It is as impossible, objectors say, as the old vision of keeping wealth equally distributed among individuals.

Among the companies that may be said to favor a Governmental plan of consolidation one faction would like to see such grouping as would arrange the roads in transcontinental systems, while the other favors centering the groups in various of the large cities. Other roads that do not insist upon either of these plans object to being consolidated with certain other roads grouped with them by the Commission. Still others object that logical consolidations which would be made voluntarily by groups of roads are being hindered.

It is still further pointed out that the 1,600 railway corporations in t United States are now grouped, so f as operation goes, into twenty-two sy tems, only three more than under t grouping planned by the Commissio There are, however, only 186 "Class roads—roads whose gross earnings e ceed $1,000,000 a year—and there no contention that the present grou are of equal financial strength.

The hearings have brought out t fact that, practically without exce tion, railway executives would be gl to see the number of railway comp nies greatly reduced by consolidatio A majority of them are disposed to i sist, however, that combination shou be allowed to proceed along natur lines rather than by arbitrary Gover ment direction.

When the Inter-State Commerc Commission completes its task working out a system of grouping there will be nothing compulsory abo it. Roads may combine according t the plan or they may remain separat They cannot, however, combine unde any plan at variance with that of th Commission.

ALIEN LEASEHOLDERS OF INDIAN LANDS

Secretary of Interior Work has re versed the decision of his prede cessor to the effect that oil leases o Indian lands may not be held by aliens and has reaffirmed a number of suc leases. Secretary Work holds tha Indian lands are privately owne property and not public lands, as for mer Secretary Fall held, and therefor do not come under the provision of th General Leasing Act covering minera rights on public lands.

The cases directly involved relate to leases held by the Roxana Petroleu Company to Creek and Cherokee land in Oklahoma. The Roxana Petroleu Company is a Virginia corporation but the stock is held by the Roya Dutch Company of Holland and th Shell Transportation Company o England.

When these leases came up for approval something over a year ago, Secretary Fall declared them void. He held that, while there is no law directly covering the leasing of Indian lands, the General Leasing Act of 1920 provides that mineral rights in public lands may not be held by aliens unless they are citizens of countries which grant reciprocal rights to nationals of the United States. Indian lands, he held, were public lands. Holland and Great Britain he did not regard as offering reciprocal opportunities to the United States in regard to mineral

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ghts. On these grounds, he held that ıe Roxana Petroleum Company was ot entitled to hold leases on Indian ınds.

Rehearing of the cases was recently ɔmpleted by Secretary Work, and ɔmplete reversal of the Fall policy is ıe result. Secretary Work, however, oes not go into the question of hether or not Holland and Great ritain offer reciprocity in regard to ıineral rights. He simply holds that ndian lands are not public lands, but re owned by the Indians, with the ecretary of the Interior as their uardian. The General Leasing Law, herefore, does not apply, and it beomes the duty of the Secretary of the nterior to lease the oil rights of his ndian wards to the best advantage.

The decision of Secretary Work is ailed as a victory for the "open door" olicy. Both Great Britain and Holand had protested, under the Fall deision, that they do not discriminate gainst American citizens in the oil ields of any of their territories, and herefore should not be discriminated gainst. It was not necessary, howver, for Secretary Work to pass upon hat point, since he holds that the eciprocity clause of the General Leasng Law does not apply to Indian ands.

A BIG AND EXCLUSIVE CROWD OF PILGRIMS

THE largest convention the world ever saw will meet next week, the irst week in June, in Washington. It is the annual National gathering of the Nobles of the Mystic Shrine, an organization to which only Freemasons who have attained next to the highest degree in one of the two rites of that order, the York and the Scottish, are eligible. The attendance will run between 350,000 and 400,000, larger than any crowd that ever attended any of our great National expositions. The nearest approach to it was at the Hudson-Fulton Exposition.

Private homes in Washington to the number of 68,000 will be opened to the Shriners. All the hotels in Washington, about sixty in number, have been practically chartered for the week. One-fifth of the Pullman car accommodations of the United States will be employed in taking the Shriners to and from Washington. Not a freight car will enter Union Station during the week, that entire space and the larger part of the Potomac yards being devoted to parked Pullmans. In addition, it is estimated that 45,000 automobiles will bring Shriners and their families to the National capital.

The publicity man at National Shrine headquarters undertook to compute the crowd in terms of a single man standing beside the Washington Monument, which towers 555 feet in the air. He found that the monument, the tallest in the world, unless the Eiffel Tower is counted, would hardly reach to the waist of the man made of the Shriner crowd.

Of course there is some room for error in the estimates of attendance, but those who are closest to the facts say they are more likely to be low than too high. National Shrine conventions have attracted large crowds for a number of years past; but the Washington meeting will be larger than any of the others, mainly because of the patriotic color that has been given to all the preparations for it.

GOLF AGAIN

LAST week we reported the failure of the American invaders to win the amateur championship of Great Britain. But they have redeemed themselves since then by retaining the Walker Cup, which is one of the two greatest golf trophies outside of the international championship. The American contestants for this cup, having won at Sandwich the St. George's Vase, an English trophy, went to St. Andrews and defended the American trophy, the Walker Cup. At one time it looked as if there were to be an exchange of trophies—that, as the St. George's Vase was taken to America, the Walker Cup was to be retained in Great Britain. The contest consisted of four two-ball foursomes, often erroneously called in this country "Scotch foursomes," and eight single matches.

In a two-ball foursome, it may be said for the benefit of non-golfers, there are two players on each side and only two balls. Two American players played a ball and two British players played a ball, the Americans alternating shots with their ball and the British alternating shots with their ball. Of these matches, the British won three and the Americans one. It was therefore necessary in order to save the cup that the Americans should at least win five of the eight 36-hole single matches. This they proceeded to do. Some of the golf displayed was of the very highest quality, and more than one of the single matches were literally pulled out of the fire by superfine play on the part of the American invaders.

Cable despatches indicate that the invasion of Great Britain by these American amateurs this summer has not only greatly promoted interest in international golf, but has done much to promote international good feeling and friendship between America and Great Britain.

LIQUOR LAWS AND THE CONSTITUTION

THE Legislature of the State of New York has passed a bill repealing the Mullan-Gage Law, a law similar in scope to the Volstead Act. As this issue of The Outlook goes to press Governor Smith is wrestling with the problem of "to veto or not to veto" this repeal. Governor Smith is a believer in the use of light wines and beers. He has gone on record as emphatically against the return of the old-time saloon.

A letter which a citizen of Newburgh, New York, Dr. Wesley Wait, sent to both Governor Smith and President Harding has focused National attention upon the problem of New York State. In this letter Dr. Wait said of the Repeal Bill: "Every State official who voted for this bill is subject to the law of treason, having taken the oath to sustain the Constitution of the United States."

President Harding made a public reply to Dr. Wait, and his letter is distinctly worth quoting at length:

> Mr. Lincoln said at the time when slavery was still a recognized, established, and accepted institution throughout a considerable part of the Union that the Nation could not exist half slave and half free. That expression has been accepted ever since as presenting the obvious and conclusive logic of the situation which then confronted the Union. Certainly it would have been still more impressive if there had been at that time a Constitutional provision against slavery as there is now a Constitutional provision against the liquor traffic.
>
> The Nation has deliberately, after many years of consideration, adopted the present policy which is written into the Eighteenth Amendment. It is the law of the land, and of every State within the Union. So long as it remains the National policy there can be only one course for the National Government to pursue. That is to use every means to make effective the law passed in compliance with this Constitutional mandate. To do this will be the unquestioning policy of the present Administration; and I may add that I am firmly convinced that it must be the policy of other Administrations that shall come hereafter.
>
> The executives of the Nation and equally the executives of the States are sworn to enforce the Constitution. It is difficult to believe that public approval will ever be given to any other than a policy of fully and

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> literally discharging this duty. It does not seem fitting, however, to enter upon a discussion of a situation which has not yet arisen. It will be obvious that many complex and extremely difficult situations must arise if any of the States shall decline to assume their part of the responsibility of maintaining the Constitution and the laws enacted in pursuance of it. The States are equipped with police organizations and judicial establishments adequate to deal with such problems. The Federal Government is not thus equipped.
>
> I venture that if, by reason of the refusal or failure of any State to discharge its proper duty in such connection, the Federal Government is at length compelled to enter upon the territory and jurisdiction of the State and to set up those police and judicial authorities which would be required, the most difficult and trying situations would inevitably arise. More or less conflict between State and Federal authorities would seem unavoidable in such circumstances. The impression would be created that the Federal Government was assuming to interfere with the functions of the States, and the distressing results that would ensue readily suggest themselves.

It seems to us that, whatever the responsibility of the officers who have sworn to uphold the Constitution and who have also voted for the repeal of the Mullan-Gage Law may be, they are not guilty of treason. Treason is a specific crime which has been exactly defined, and the act of the New York Legislature does not fall within its limits.

There are certain general principles involved in the problem of New York State which it may be worth while to attempt briefly to define. Until some one proves we are wrong we shall class these principles as axiomatic.

1. All the States are under equal obligation to support the Constitution including its amendments, whether or not they approved or disapproved the amendments at the time of their passage. The position of the State in this matter is analogous to that of a citizen, who must accept the action of his fellow-electors in the choice of a Governor whether or not he cast his ballot for the winning ticket.

2. Every State has a Constitutional obligation to enforce Constitutional prohibition within its own jurisdiction, just as the United States has such an obligation to enforce it all over the whole country.

3. State, county, and municipal officers have the same obligation to the National prohibitory law as to any other Federal statute, even if the State, county, or city in which they serve directly has no law covering the Federal prohibition in question. Local officers have no more right to ignore offenses against the National Prohibition Law than they have against the National laws prohibiting counterfeiting or calling for the protection of migratory birds.

4. The obligation which rests upon the local official to observe the National law is shared by the individual citizen, for each of us is not merely a citizen of his State, but also of the United States, and he owes allegiance to the Federal Constitution and the laws that conform to the Constitution. The repeal, therefore, of the Mullan-Gage Act, or any similar measure in other States, would not affect the duty of the individual citizen to obey the Volstead Act.

5. Despite the fact that the repeal of a State prohibition law does not affect the obligation of any one in regard to the National law, its repeal would be, we believe, a serious mistake. It would not bring back the legal sale of beer and light wines for those who honestly believe that this is desirable, but would simply put New York State on record as indifferent or antagonistic to the legal and moral duties we have outlined. The repeal of a State prohibition law in the present situation is merely a gesture of contempt for law and order.

THE UNLOCKED ANTHRACITE HORSE PREPARES TO GET STOLEN AGAIN

WHEN next August ends, there will also end the present agreement between the anthracite operators and their employees.

If in the meantime no agreement is reached renewing the present arrangements or making a new arrangement, an anthracite strike seems unavoidable.

Among the causes of coal strikes, as well as other strikes, in the past, has been delay in beginning negotiations before the expiration of existing agreements. Such delay after the strikes of last year and the consequent suffering and hardship would be unpardonable. No body of employees can so little afford the loss of public approval as the coal miners, for they have very little of it now. No group of employers needs to cultivate public confidence more than the coal operators, for they have practically none of it now. The users of coal, whether anthracite or bituminous, have long been dissatisfied with the state of the industry; and to their dissatisfaction their experience during the past year has added indignation. Another strike would injure the public, but it would injure still more both operators and miners, for it would bring down upon them both the accumulated wrath of the consumers.

It behooves both operators and miners, therefore, in the anthracite industry to institute early negotiations.

In the bituminous industry operators and miners reached a new agreement before the old one expired on April 1; but they did so because, under the benign influence of a watchful Coal Commission, which has no power but by its very existence has a certain psychological effect, they began negotiations before the end of January.

Before the month of June is well under way we hope to hear that the anthracite operators and miners will have agreed to prepare to agree.

THE QUAINTNESS OF BEING QUAINT

AMERICAN cities are not as old as Rome, but they are not without tradition or material for reminiscence. Old inhabitants, and many who are not so old, can talk with pride and unction of the time when old Ed Higginbotham kept pigs on the site of the Union Depot, or of the biggest dry-goods house in the Western half of any one of our forty-eight respective and respectable States. From potter's fields to public parks our cities grow apace, leaving behind them a trail of dispossessed pigs, cows, and slaughter-houses, and a list of sanitary achievements which leads the American traveler to turn up his highly civilized nose at the habits of French peasants and the sewerage arrangements in South American villages.

"How quaint!" exclaims the American when he finds a manure pile attached to a French peasant's cottage. "How quaint!" the same American exclaims when he finds some benighted community using its streets for sewers. And then this same superior soul goes home to his native American town, city, or village and proceeds to swim in, row on, and even drink of a stream or a lake which re-

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ceives the drainage from a thousand homes or a hundred factories.

The nation which fouls its watercourses is hardly more than a perceptible degree above the village which uses its public streets for a common sewer. Some day people will look back upon our present methods of sewage disposal with the bewildered eye of a sanitarian inspecting a city in the interior of China. Some day Americans may talk of these quaint and picturesque times when their ancestors dumped everything handy into their public waters. Some of the effects of this quaint and picturesque method are of such a character, however, that they do not wholly appeal to those who are forced to endure them.

The facts in the case are again presented to Outlook readers by Mr. David M. Neuberger, President of the National Coast Anti-Pollution League, and they are facts which no one can afford to ignore. The organization of which Mr. Neuberger is president is carrying on a well-organized and carefully considered programme for the protection of our waterways. Similar programmes are supported and indorsed by such influential organizations as the Izaak Walton League of America, which has recently joined in the fight against stream pollution. The growing use of oil by industry and shipping, added to the menace caused by the release of untreated sewage from our growing towns and villages, makes the present moment a crucial one. If the Irishman who, on witnessing a street brawl, inquired, "Is this a private fight, or can any one join in?" should address a similar query to any of the agencies working for the cleansing of our streams and coastal waters, there would be no doubt as to the answer. There is room for every American in this fight—and the more, the cleanlier.

IF FRANCE HAD FAILED

IF France had failed in 1914 Americans would not be living in complacent security to-day.

Senator Carter Glass, of Virginia, reminded the Senate a few days before its adjournment that the American Ambassador to Germany was impudently informed that after France had failed it would be our turn next. Is it wise while Germany is still unreconciled to the thought of defeat for Americans to substitute, "Let us forget," for the old warning, "Lest we forget"? If Americans want to put the war out of their minds because it is unpleasant, let them not imagine that in doing so they are following their conscience. Senator Glass was not speaking for himself, but for those who to-day are condemning those by whose side our own men fought, when in that speech he said of Germany:

> We forget that her idealists, as well as her men of practical activities, deliberately sat at the council board and wrote down in plain words, textually and in figures, what Germany proposed to do when she should have won the war. What a shame it is that French and Belgian troops now tramp the sacred soil of Germany, the nation that profaned every shrine, desecrated every temple in Belgium, dynamited every mine, and robbed every industrial establishment in northern France! . . . Perchance it may be that France has made a mistake economically, but it is a mistake that mighty few men of spirit in America similarly circumstanced would not have made.

To-day America is as safe as, but not appreciably safer than, she was when the French with the aid of the British "contemptibles" and a few thousand Belgians thwarted the Germans for the first time at the Marne. There is yet no evidence that Germany, revived, reinforced with the man power and the resources of Russia, supported, possibly once more by the Turks, might not attempt once more under the industrialists what she failed to accomplish under the militarists. She is materially for the time being disarmed, but not morally. She has not yet given to the world the least evidence that she has abandoned her former ambition. On the contrary, she has availed herself of every means which she could devise for avoiding complete surrender. Americans need have no liking for the French, no admiration for their civilization, no sympathy with their ideals of liberty and equality and fraternity, to find relief of mind in the fact that there is one nation at least whose interests coincide with America and whose policy in insisting that Germany yield is doing what America at greater cost would otherwise some day have to do.

If France had failed in 1914, not only America, but the world, might have been more orderly than it is to-day—orderly, in fact, as a well-conducted prison.

If France had failed in 1914, we in America would be deploring, not the loss of our markets, but the loss of our liberties.

Even those who have no thought for anything to-day but for markets for their goods ought to realize that markets depend upon ordered freedom. That peace is simply a tyrant's peace which is not based upon justice. And for justice it is not merely sufficient to thwart for the time being the immediate aims of those who would dominate the world; it is necessary also to do everything possible to see that those who were the victims of aggression do not suffer more severely than those who sought to destroy them. Christian charity does not consist in a combination of concern for markets with what Senator Glass calls "maudlin sympathy for a whimpering bully." No charity that is inconsistent with a sense of justice is Christian. More necessary than markets, more necessary than immediate peace, is the establishment of a precedent that those who attempt to cripple their neighbors for their own profit shall not escape atonement. Even those, therefore, who affect to believe that it is no duty of America to look after her own interests should find satisfaction in the fact that there is one nation whose interest in seeing that her injuries be repaired at her neighbor's cost, no matter what that cost may be, coincides with the interest of the world.

THE RIVALS

MUCH has been said in the New York daily newspapers during the past half-dozen years about the sordid commercialism of the theater. I wonder that the players do not retort by saying something about the commercialism of the newspapers. It is quite true that the ownership and management of many of the theaters in New York, which now probably maintains more playhouses than any other capital of the world, has fallen into the hands of men who have little or no interest in dramatic art and measure the value of a play simply by its power to extract from three to five dollars per seat from the pockets of the public. But when actors themselves make an organized effort to produce something worth while, the newspaper critics often damn it with faint praise or treat it with supercilious indifference.

An example of this kind of thing is found in the recent revival by the Equity Players of "The Rivals." The Equity Players is an incorporated body of actors, formed for mutual protection against the selfish exploitation of the craft by the managers. It is

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Photograph by Frank Bernay
EVA LE GALLIENNE AS JULIA (STANDING) AND VIOLET HEMING AS LYDIA LANGUISH IN "THE RIVALS" (EQUITY PLAYERS' PRODUCTION)

in reality a kind of trade union, but it is also something more than that. For this body, of which the distinguished and long-experienced American comedian Francis Wilson is President, has quite recently put on the stage for a brief run that fine old English comedy "The Rivals," which made half the reputation of Joseph Jefferson. While thousands of theater-goers revere the memory of Joseph Jefferson, not one in a thousand can remember any parts which he ever played except those of Rip Van Winkle and Bob Acres.

In Sheridan's "Rivals" Francis Wilson has had the temerity to resuscitate Bob Acres, and his success is in the nature of a miracle, like all resuscitations from death. But so far as newspaper criticism goes, the miracle would have passed by unnoticed if its delightful quality had not been passed about by word of mouth, so that when the play was given the theater was well filled with an appreciative audience during the few nights of its run.

"The Rivals" well deserves this resuscitation. It was written in London, and first produced at the Covent Garden Theater in 1775, when its author was twenty-four years old, and it has retained its wit, humor, and vitality as a social satire for now nearly one hundred and fifty years. If any modern English or American playwright, with the possible exception of Bernard Shaw and Sir James Barrie, has written anything in our days that will be played to the delight of an average audience one hundred and fifty years from now, we cannot conceive who he may be. Richard Brinsley Sheridan, like Shaw, was Irish, although in most schoolroom and university lecture halls his comedies are treated as flowers of English literature. When he was twenty-six years old, he was elected a member of the famous literary club made immortal by the most famous of its members, Dr. Samuel Johnson. In proposing Sheridan as a member Dr. Johnson observed, "He who has written the two best comedies of his age is surely a considerable man." I doubt if there is any more delightful commendation of a club candidate in all the annals of Committees on Admission than "a considerable man"! What a fine reticence, and at the same time what a depth of approval, the phrase displays! Dr. Johnson was rather fond of the adjective "considerable." During his tour in the Hebrides with Boswell that enthusiastic biographer one day called Dr. Johnson's attention to a mountain-top on the horizon and commented on its noble aspect in the landscape. "Sir," remarked Dr. Johnson, "it is no more than a considerable protuberance." Sheridan is certainly a considerable protuberance in the range of English playwrights, and it is not violating Dr. Johnson's principle of moderation to say that his versatility amounted almost to genius. For, having made a great success as a writer of comedies, he entered Parliament and became a figure there. Imagine Augustus Thomas or Eugene O'Neil becoming a Senator and getting the better of Henry Cabot Lodge in debate as Sheridan did of the younger Pitt! This is no reflection on our playwrights, but rather upon our method of selecting Members of Congress.

"The Rivals" and "The School for Scandal," the plays which Dr. Johnson declared to be "the two best comedies of his age," are as fresh and as modern to-day as they were in the days when they were first produced, for they ridicule affectation, pomposity, false sentiment, the arrogance of middle and old age toward the young generation, and the narrow prejudices of conventional society about the education of women. "The Rivals," in particular, makes the duel ridiculous, and is a sub-conscious if not a determined plea for the intellectual liberation of woman. In the portrayal of the silliness of the ultra-fashionable woman and in the attack on the prejudices against woman's education Sheridan was a pioneer, for he preceded Jane Austen, who is sometimes spoken of as the first modern champion of "female intelligence." Mrs. Malaprop, Sir Anthony Absolute, and Bob Acres are so natural and so amusing that the onlooker at the play hardly realizes, until he has gone home, how much they have done in one hundred

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and fifty years to destroy by sheer ridicule some of the silliest prejudices of fashion. For this reason alone, each new generation ought to have an opportunity of seeing "The Rivals." But this reason alone would not make the play a success if it were not delightful and amusing itself.

Mr. Francis Wilson and his colleagues put the play on in an admirable manner. The cast was well chosen, and each member may be said to have performed his or her part with real distinction. Those who remember Joe Jefferson as Bob Acres and Mrs. Drew as Mrs. Malaprop had nothing to complain of. I did not find myself once saying to my son—whom I took with me because I wanted him to have a sight-seeing acquaintance with this fine old English comedy—"This is very delightful, of course, but you ought to have seen Joe Jefferson and Mrs. John Drew." If any of the cast should be singled out for a special word of praise, it might very well be Maclyn Arbuckle, than whom there never was a better Sir Anthony Absolute; Miss Mary Shaw, whose Mrs. Malaprop was a fine interpretation; Violet Heming, who was lovely to look upon, and whose sentimentality as Lydia Languish was not a bit overdone; and James T. Powers, whose David was excruciatingly funny, even if it did border a little upon the farcical. I do not bracket with these excellent artists Mr. Wilson himself, because he deserves a very special word of commendation as the producer as well as the chief figure of the play.

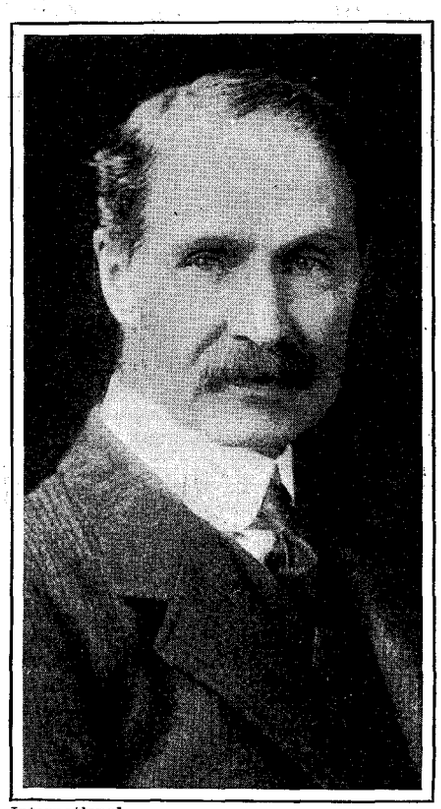
If Dr. Johnson and Sheridan could have strolled into the Forty-eighth Street Theater on one of the evenings during the week's run of "The Rivals," they would have felt, I am sure, in spite of their very pronounced Toryism, that democracy is not wholly a failure—perhaps even that trade-unionism is capable of doing some good! LAWRENCE F. ABBOTT.

THE SWING OF THE PENDULUM[1]

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE FROM ENGLAND

BY J. D. WHELPLEY

THE present Government of England, headed by Mr. Bonar Law as Prime Minister, is now threatened with another swing of the political pendulum which may carry it out of power. Since November 11, 1918, public opinion has drifted with unusual rapidity from one extreme to another, thus indicating a deep-seated political unrest, due manifestly to the reactions of war and the unsettled state of the mind of the people. In 1918 the Coalition war Government headed by Mr. Lloyd George was retained in power by a large majority in an election which was sprung on the nation before it had recovered from the war-born habit of subordinating politics to the apparent necessities of practical administration. In November, 1922, the Coalition split into its component parts—Conservative, Liberal, and Labor. Mr. Lloyd George was thrown out of office and the Conservatives came into power, with Mr. Bonar Law as Prime Minister and with a majority of 79 in the House of Commons. This victory was secured with a minority vote, the Labor and Liberal popular vote exceeding that cast for the Conservative candidates. The Bonar Law Government came into control with a blare of trumpets and with "peace and tranquillity" as the burden of their song. It was declared that the nation was tired of the excitements staged by Lloyd George, the European conferences which were so fruitless, the alarms and excursions which brought with them constant threat of new wars or renewals of old ones, and the danger to the Anglo-French *entente* through the actions and words of the preceding Prime Minister. The English press hailed the coming of Bonar Law as the beginning of a new and sane era in which industry would come to life, unemployment disappear, foreign trade regain its old-time importance, and the *entente* with France would grow stronger than ever. Not one of these things has come to pass. Within two months of his election Mr. Bonar Law found the parting of the ways with France, industry shows no sign of permanent revival, foreign trade has decreased, unemployment still prevails.



International
BONAR LAW, GREAT BRITAIN'S RETIRING PRIME MINISTER

In all recent by-elections the Government has met with serious defeat, the press which so acclaimed the new Government is hot in its opposition, and Bonar Law is bitterly attacked every day for that very policy of peace and tranquillity which carried him into office. In nearly all of the defeats of the Government the Labor Party has gained, and to-day that party, led by Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, is the recognized and official Opposition in the House of Commons. Up to 1918 there were only about 5,000,000 voters in the United Kingdom, with a population of about 46,000,000. In 1918, owing to the enfranchisement of women and other expansions, there were 21,400,000 voters in the same population. In 1922 there were 2,000,000 less, owing to the separation of Ireland, that island now having only 43,000 votes in a general election, these being found in Ulster, which is still part of the United Kingdom. In 1922 over eighty-two per cent of the voters cast their ballots in all constituencies where the election was contested. In recent test votes in the House of Commons the Government majority has fallen as low as 54, and there is an impression among the people that the country is in for another general election before long. In the present House, with its 615 members, the Conservative Party in power has about 340 votes, the Labor Party about 150, and the Liberals about 120.

In 1918 the people, men and women, had not come from under the spell of war and the negotiations for peace were still in progress. In 1922 the popular will had come to life and people were beginning to think inde-

[1] This article was written, of course, before the resignation of Bonar Law. As a picture of the political situation in Great Britain, however, it has lost nothing of timely value because the health of the Premier has forced a change sooner than Mr. Whelpley expected.

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pendently of the Defense of the Realm Regulations and the demands of national safety. That there is no clear idea as to what is necessary for the present and the immediate future for the good of the country and that no plan has been prepared which meets with popular approval are shown in the more or less violent fluctuations of popular opinion. The problems are acute, the situation is confused, and the mind of the public is muddled by the shrieks of the partisan newspapers, each urging its own particular view-point upon a people suspicious as to the motives of all public agitation. Never in the history of modern English journalism have leading newspapers so lent themselves to propaganda and partisanship, not for particular public men or public measures, but each for some policy of its respective proprietors which for some reason or other it is trying to advance. The people feel that they are not getting the facts or the news free from bias, and they have lost confidence in their sources of information.

In 1919 the tide of Bolshevik thinking reached its highest point, and few are aware of the seriousness of the situation with which the British Government had to cope at that time. The unfavorable reports made by the commissions of English labor which then visited Russia and the subsidence of propaganda financed from Moscow put an end to this, and the political theories of Lenine are represented now by a single member of Parliament, whose following in the country is negligible. The Labor Party, with its platform of State Socialism, though anti-Bolshevik, has gathered to itself practically all of the radical elements, and it is thriving, temporarily at least, upon the bad industrial and social conditions which exist throughout the land. In 1922, less than six months ago, the people fled to Conservatism as a possible cure for present conditions. They are now bitterly disappointed. One person in every 27 is now in receipt of money relief from the state, and a very small percentage of these are getting it without warrant. A million and a half workless are without a chance to earn a living, and, in spite of earnest attempts to alleviate the situation and certain weekly fluctuations in the number, it seems to have reached a fixed status. The terrible tragedy that is being played to a bitter end is not the temporary unemployment of many, but the fact that, owing to the long period of idleness under distressing conditions and the long continuance of the receipt of unearned money, a large proportion of the now unemployed will never again be any good to themselves or others. They are losing their skill, their ambition, their pride, and their hope. They are forming habits of slackness which can never be shaken off, for the great mass of these people are rapidly sinking into a slough of despond from which it will soon be too late to emerge.

International

LORD CURZON, BRITISH FOREIGN MINISTER, BONAR LAW'S DEPUTY DURING HIS ABSENCE ON ACCOUNT OF ILL HEALTH

The British people realize that these things are happening. They feel the desperate need that something should be done. No one knows exactly what the remedy should be. They turn to the Government in power asking that the nation be saved, and they are met with a do-nothing policy which originates in the fact that the Government itself is no wiser than the people and does not know what to do. The demands of the Labor Party for temporary relief are granted, but these must fail as a real remedy, as the causes lie deeper than mere unemployment. Strange to say, all these matters lead straight back to the question of German reparations. For nearly five years Europe has been at a deadlock over this question. To-day it is admitted by the clearest-headed British business men that if the Versailles Treaty had wiped out all international debts, including reparations, the people of all Europe would be far better off to-day than they are. This is no time now, however, for vain regrets, and Europe must accept what it has brought upon itself and find the best way out of the acute troubles which have come to all peoples through a survival of the passions and hatreds of war.

If another general election results in England from present disappointment with Mr. Bonar Law and his Government, the people will probably turn to some one else to give them a lead out of present difficulties, but it will be no idle task for whoever may undertake it. Under present conditions the Labor Party would probably gain in strength, but whether it could carry the country is doubtful. It was predicted long ago that a Labor Government would come to England in time. The party has able and clear leaders; it has gained as recruits some of the ablest minds in all walks of life; barring its platform of extreme Socialism, it makes appeal to many who have been driven to the Left politically through their belief that the Right failed before the war, failed during the war, and has proved itself impotent since the war. Also it is believed, probably with justification, that if Labor came into power it would prove more or less conservative when the great responsibility of government was placed upon its shoulders.

The political pendulum is now swinging once more to the Left, and the reactionists have had their brief day. It has been proved, to the satisfaction of the people at least, that recovery, or even safety, does not lie that way. The British are a sober people politically, however, and the extreme element will never get control of their affairs. They are more willing to try experiments now than they were before the war, for that tremendous event started wheels turning which many had no suspicion existed so far as they were concerned. There is one very ugly feature of the situation which has made itself manifest since unemployment became general, and that is the effort being made by many employers to force the workers back to a pre-war wage basis. Before the war British labor was notoriously underpaid in many industries and the living conditions of the workers were disgraceful. The cost of living in England to-day is 180 as compared with 100 before the war, and yet employers have had the assurance to offer men work at pre-war wages. The Labor Party is well aware of this movement, and that is the cause of much of the bitterness and extremism in Labor politics. The employer is plausible in his argument, for he says he must reduce the cost of production to get back foreign trade. The worker, however, sees little good in getting back foreign trade at that price, for, even if it gives employment, he again becomes a wage slave, living from hand to mouth, with no margin of safety. The solution of the problems which are vexing the people of Great Britain at the present time does not appear to lie so much with that country as with the rest of Europe, but the people are now so discontented and so aroused to economic and political rebellion that they will be quick to turn against leaders who adopt a policy of wait and see. The dumb suffering of the past is being transmuted into the restlessness and clamor of a new era, possibly one of beneficent evolution.

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THE FRENCH SAY "STOP" TO THE TURKS

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE FROM PARIS

BY PIERRE DE LANUX

FORMER MEMBER OF THE FRENCH HIGH COMMISSION TO THE UNITED STATES

THE French policy in the Near East since the armistice of 1918 has been marked by more than one mistake. But it certainly cannot be charged with the crime of having been aggressive. The French conciliatory attitude toward the Turks went so far as to estrange the feelings of many people who could not admit of a compromise with the enemies of Christianity. Some critics saw only weakness, or else Machiavelism, in what was primarily a desire to avoid more bloodshed. It seems that those who misapprehended most completely the French motives were the Turks themselves. Either from a belief that English and French interests in the Near East were irreconcilable or from an impression that France would in no case resort to force, they adopted such a course as definitely to reinforce the Franco-British *entente* and to oblige France to a show of military strength similar to that of England a few months ago. To-day in the East the Allies present a political front which is better united than it ever was, and the Angora leaders are facing a difficult crisis, which they have brought upon themselves as a result of their excessive nationalistic ambitions and their unhappy diplomatic methods.

Let us review the events that led to this crisis:

The armistice, negotiated by Admiral Calthorpe, did not contain the necessary clauses regarding the immediate disarmament of the Turkish army. Hence came much of the subsequent troubles. The Eastern problems were shelved for a long time at the Peace Conference. It was not before December, 1919–February, 1920, that serious Franco-British conversations were started on that subject. In the meantime the great Assembly at Angora had voted the famous "Pact" of January 28, 1920, which is weighing so heavily on the present negotiations. Then began the difference between the French policy—Marshal Foch himself advising peace on moderate terms—and the Greco-British policy of Mr. Lloyd George. The Treaty of Sèvres was a compromise, leaving the Turks in Constantinople, but excluding them from Smyrna and the Anatolian coast. The French, late in 1921, settled the problem of the Syrian border through the Angora treaty.[1] But the Greek army could not enforce the Sèvres treaty in the West, and the final result was the recent Greek disaster, entailing a heavy British responsibility which the British gamely accepted, sending warships and troops to Gallipoli—the first Lausanne conference being the diplomatic outcome of all this regrettable muddle.

The French came to Lausanne with a handicap of Turcophilia, England

Keystone

GENERAL WEYGAND

with a handicap of Turcophobia. The Turks went to the limit in exploiting this. French diplomacy, through the Lausanne proceedings, did not prove equal to the Richelieu and Talleyrand standards, and the British, in February, broke the negotiations, followed by the other Allied delegations.

After an interruption of two months the Lausanne conference has been resumed. The situation is entirely changed, and the Turkish delegates find themselves in a much more strenuous position. They did not seem to realize it until the French change of attitude which we are briefly explaining in this article.

In February the British and the French were under the recent impression of the divergences which had developed between Paris and London on the subject of the Ruhr occupation. The perfectly correct attitude of the British since that time, in spite of a difference of opinion on the practical advisability of the Essen occupation, could not fail to win over French appreciation. On the other hand, details about the Turkish atrocities in Smyrna also affected French opinion. The wiggle and wobble of the Turkish delegation in Lausanne must have finally got on the nerves of President Poincaré, who may not be the most far-seeing of statesmen, but who likes frankness. The last straw was the massing of Turkish troops near the Syrian border, in a hope to intimidate France.

That was a psychological blunder of the first magnitude. The French forces in Syria, although considerably reduced since last year, include some of our hardest and best colonial troops—the Foreign Legion, the veterans of our African campaigns—and more of these were available in Algeria and Morocco, where they are no longer needed. It is said unofficially that 20,000 men were sent from North Africa to Syria lately (figures given by the Paris edition of the New York "Herald"). The Government did more, in answer to the Turkish provocations: it appointed to Beirût General Weygand, who is well worth an army corps by himself.

Weygand, who saved Warsaw from the Bolsheviks in 1920, and who had been during the war the Chief of Staff of Marshal Foch, is a very young, efficient, and active officer. His presence is almost equivalent to that of the Marshal himself, and means that France is ready to take any measures required for the safety and protection of Syria.

The Angora treaty, as I showed in a former article, yielded to Turkey some districts where the Ottoman population was in an indisputable majority. But on this side of the new border Christians and Arabs live in such numbers as to exclude any pretense that the authority of the Angora Government there is based on race or nationality rights. At the reopening of the Lausanne conference the Turks found themselves in the presence, not of MM. Bompard and Barrère, but of General Pellé, reorganizer of the Czechoslovak army and former High Commissioner in Constantinople, a man of great prestige and still greater straightforwardness. He put squarely before Ismet Pasha a few questions which this diplomat was much embarrassed to answer concerning the military preparations on the border. In the meantime French

[1] See my article in The Outlook of January 11, 1922.

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dispositions were taken in order to repel with the utmost energy any attempt to create trouble in the regions of Alexandretta, Aleppo, and Damascus.

Now there is a reason why the Turks are more than likely to return to a more peaceful attitude. Turkey needs peace, and needs it badly. "L'Europe Nouvelle," one of the best-informed Paris weeklies, published in its last issue some interesting revelations on the present internal condition of the Angora Republic. Financially and economically, with some Government employees still waiting for their salaries, which are six months late; with an open conflict between Kiazim Pasha, Minister of National Defense, and Hassan Bey, Minister of Finance; with the disastrous plight resulting from an excess of men being mobilized, no means of transportation available for trade in Anatolia (so that the whole fig crop of the Smyrna region was wasted), and the need for imported labor, Angora cannot afford a prolongation of the present abnormal condition. On the other hand, the military situation is no longer what it was four months ago. The English are strongly fortified at Gallipoli, and the Greeks have about 90,000 men on the Maritza, being reorganized. In the case of hostilities, Constantinople would fall, and the Turks would lose what they still own in Europe. The ammunition factories of Angora burned down in November, and have not been rebuilt since. There are many politicians among the officers of the army. Finally, it seems that Mustapha Kemal needs general elections more than anything else, in order to reaffirm his prestige. Thus peace and demobilization are needed from every standpoint. If the warlike tendencies of some elements in the great Assembly should prevail, the result would be to throw Turkey completely under the hegemony of her old enemy, Russia. Moscow would direct the policies of Angora, as it does now for Kiev, Bokhara, or Tiflis. This could not be a very popular solution among the Ottoman nationalists.

Whatever happens at Lausanne—and in the East—the political attitude of France is better defined to-day than it has been at any time since the armistice. It is also in far better harmony with the British programme.

For a long time Paris has been giving the Turks "friendly warnings." Now General Pellé gives them "a warning." That is what I want to indicate in this brief survey of the Near Eastern situation.

Paris, May, 1923.

WHERE THE SUGAR PROFITS ARE GOING

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE FROM WASHINGTON BY WILLIAM P. HELM, JR.

WHEN we come to look into this business of eleven-cent sugar, there isn't a single responsible why on record. Theories there are aplenty, for we are a more or less educated people and much given to opinion-making. The refiners have one theory, the growers another, the Attorney-General a third, and so on. In a round of the six Government departments and boards which have turned their lenses upon sugar within the past three months we can obtain six varying theories or explanations of the rise in price. In a day's march through the industry we probably could bag fifty more.

Sugar is now selling at almost double the price, retail, that it fetched last January. It is not only selling at the new levels here, but elsewhere. From France, England, Germany—everywhere, in fact—comes the same story. Apparently sugar, like the cow in the nursery rhyme, is on its way over the moon.

Its rise, as we all know, is recent. For many months sugar was a sweet glut on the market. Having gone to glory during the war, it fell from its proud perch just below the stars into the bog of depression. And there it lay, with half of Cuba, the world's sugar-bowl, in as bad a way financially as ever was languishing debtor in days of old, until the latter part of last year. Then it came out of its doldrums, and for the first time in more than two years the trade began to assume the healthy color of the convalescent.

Early in February of this year the price of sugar took on the familiar snap of the Mexican jumping bean. It rose with unbecoming suddenness in a hurry-up curve whose progress across the charted page of price levels resembled somewhat the parabola used to indicate a comet's pathways through the skies. It continued upward, virtually without check, until the Government filed its injunction suit against the Sugar Exchange and Association in New York on April 19. On that day sugar fell fifty points. But almost immediately thereafter it resumed its previous course, and somewhat falteringly but none the less surely continued to rise.

As this is written the trend still is upward. Here and there the Nation's housewives are talking either boycott or voluntary return to war-time rations or better. One branch of the Federal Government has filed suit designed to end alleged gambling in sugar on the Exchange in New York. Another branch has reported to the President that the tariff of 1.76 cents a pound has virtually nothing to do with the price. At least two other branches are conducting active field investigations and two more are looking into the subject somewhat more casually.

But no responsible agency has come forward at this time with a clear-cut, upstanding explanation that satisfies the man or woman whose sugar bill suddenly has almost doubled. Such explanation lies in the keeping of the future. It may be that the rise has been caused by a frenzy of speculation, such as the Government alleges in its bill. It may be that there is something in the reports of a gigantic conspiracy on the part of financial interests into which the Government's detectives are prying most diligently. It may be that the age-old law of supply and demand has control. Or it may be none of these things. Nobody knows, but almost anybody is willing to propound a theory.

Examining, for a moment, the law of supply and demand, it becomes patent that a very small shortage of supply under the growing volume of our National demand would cause a vast upheaval in price. Some time ago, for instance, a certain coal man, by patient statistical work, ascertained that a five per cent excess of supply over market requirements so reduced the price of a certain kind of coal in one of our largest cities that that particular kind of coal sold for about the cost of transporting it from the mine. Acting on this knowledge, he bought up *six* per cent of market requirements, diverted it to a convenient hole in the ground, dumped it, and thereby was enabled to sell many thousand tons at more than three times the usually prevailing low price. The shortage of one per cent turned the market to a seller's market and sent the price to record levels.

Nobody of course has dumped sugar into a hole in the ground in this present situation, and the incident is cited only to illustrate the tremendous price advance that may be caused by so small a shortage as even one per cent. If we are one or two or five per cent short in our sugar supply this year, there is hardly need to look elsewhere for an explanation of the high price of sugar. The shortage is its own explanation, and the chances are that, unless checked artificially, the price of sugar will rise higher and higher as the facts of such possible shortage be-

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ome clearer to the men in the trade. every one continues to consume igar at the ever-increasing rate of ie past few years, and if there should e so small a shortage as two per cent, even-cent sugar of to-day will be sell- ig for double its present price, or ore, in all likelihood, before a new id sufficient crop comes in.

Without for a moment indicating iat there is a shortage of sugar, it ould be well to bear in mind that the argin between available supply—new op and carry-over—this year and rospective demand is smaller than it as been at any time since the war. might be well also to remember that ie Government's figures are only esti- ates, too; carefully gathered and ainstakingly put together, but esti- ates none the less, and as such hold- ig the potentiality for human error hich estimates in advance never fail hold.

Most of our sugar comes from Cuba. oughly, we consume about 5,000,000 ons a year, our per capita rate having isen rapidly during the past few ears and now standing at slightly ore than 102 pounds as compared ith 89 pounds in 1921. In other ords, during 1922 every man, woman, nd child in the United States con- med, on the average, about thirteen ounds more sugar than in 1921, an ncrease of about fifteen per cent.

In Louisiana and Texas is grown, ith trifling exception, virtually all ie cane sugar raised in continental nited States. The total from these ane fields is comparatively small. Vithout other sugars we would con- me the entire output within a month, ossibly less. But we also raise in the Vest and Central West a sizable ountain of sugar beets each year, nd these, containing more than dou- le the supply of sugar obtained from ur cane fields, help meet our domes- c requirements. Hawaii sends us bout 600,000 tons a year, and from orto Rico we obtain an additional 00,000 tons. Some little comes in om the Philippines, too.

When these sources have exhausted eir supply, we must look to Cuba to ake good the deficiency. This defi- ency amounts to rather more than alf in our best years of domestic pro- uction. And because Cuba furnishes s with so large a proportionate mount of our requirements the price f Cuban sugar laid down at New ork determines the price of all the est of the sugar sold in the country. familiar simile, perhaps, is fur- ished by the oil industry, in which tandard Oil prices generally deter- ine the market, and the independents ollow.

Likening our domestic producers nd our Hawaiian, Porto Rican, and ilipino purveyors to the independents nd the Cuban producer to the Stand- ard Oil Company—purely for the pur- poses of illustration—we have the Cubans in reality fixing the price, and all others trailing. If the price of Cuban sugar falls, other sugars fall, too; if Cuban sugar rises, so do the other sugars, in the same way that a kite, rising, will carry with it its tail.

Largely because of that situation the framers of the present Tariff Law justify their levy of 1.76 cents a pound on all sugar imported into the United States. In this instance "all sugar" virtually means Cuban sugar. It is entirely conceivable that Cuban pro- ducers in a year of great crops, raised with cheap labor, much of it illiterate labor of an order the like of which we do not have here, could flood the American market with sugar at so low a price as to drive out of existence our comparatively puny industry, leav- ing us at the mercy of those same Cuban producers, thereafter to exact what they would, not for a part of our requirements, but for all of them. Hence the tariff.

The Underwood Tariff Law imposed a levy of one cent a pound on sugar; the Emergency Tariff Law raised the levy to 1.6 cents; the Fordney-McCum- ber Law increased the levy to 1.76 cents. And it is a significant fact that the day after the Fordney-McCumber Law went into effect Cuban sugar sold for less in New York, delivered and with duty paid, than it did under the emergency tariff rate two days pre- viously. All of which, in the opinion of many Government officials, includ- ing the Tariff Commission, helps to show that the tariff, aside from giving the home grower of sugar a fighting chance for his industrial existence, has nothing whatever to do with the price the consumer pays.

In the case of the present price sit- uation, therefore, as in the past, Cuban sugar—raw sugar—has set the pace. It began to rise the day after the De- partment of Commerce issued at Washington an analysis of the sugar situation, in which figures were given showing estimated production, de- mand, and carry-over. The Depart- ment gave the facts as it found them, and those facts appear to have been misinterpreted as an official expression of a prospective sugar shortage.

Nothing was further from the thought of the Department's officials at the time the statement was issued, nor did the statement, anywhere in text or tabulation, assert that a short- age was in prospect. Three denials of prospective shortage were quickly issued by the Department; but the runaway had the bit in its teeth and the road was clear. Sugar continued to rise.

The lead was set by Cuban sugar, a fact that should be borne foremost in mind. Naturally, the question arose, Who controls the Cuban crop?

With many millions of acres grow- ing sugar-cane and with the welfare of the entire island dependent largely upon this single industry, it seemed at first almost inconceivable that any one small group of men could muster suf- ficient control of the Cuban industry to assume anything like a mastery of crop or price. One might as well ask who controlled the American wheat crop, or any one of a dozen other large crops raised in the United States.

Investigators, however, recalled the exhaustive hearings held in the latter part of 1921 by the Senate Finance Committee when the sugar schedule of the Fordney-McCumber Tariff Bill was under discussion. At those hear- ings there appeared delegated repre- sentatives of the various and conflict- ing elements of the sugar industry. They came from the growers, the re- finers, the Hawaiians, the Porto Ricans, and from the Cubans.

The printed records contain the testimony of those delegated repre- sentatives of the trade, made at a time when no one was specially interested in control of the Cuban crop. Fortu- nately for the purposes of investiga- tion, the record is clear and fairly complete.

A representative of the American sugar refiners, Mr. Henry A. Rubino, of the Miranda Sugar Company of New York City, testified, in substance (supplementing his testimony with detailed schedules and tabulations):

That American financial interests had in Cuban cane fields and mills, plus other closely allied investments, a total stake of more than $1,000,- 000,000.

That thirteen large companies, which he named, all of them owned by Americans (he was careful to ex- plain), had combined assets of more than two-thirds—or upwards of $418,- 000,000—of all the American invest- ment in sugar lands and mills on the island.

That American corporations and Cuban corporations owned by Ameri- cans controlled nearly 4,500,000 acres of cane fields on the island; and that the production of these companies in 1920 was upwards of 2,000,000 tons. That was just about half of the entire Cuban sugar crop for that year.

These statements are of much inter- est now. They prove nothing what- ever as to *why* sugar has nearly doubled in price. But they show on first-hand authority that, regardless of why sugar has risen to such dizzy alti- tudes, American corporations appar- ently are pocketing about half the excess profit that is flowing daily from the twenty million American house- wives, or more, to the island of Cuba. They may not tell us why sugar is so high, but they shed much light on who is getting the money.

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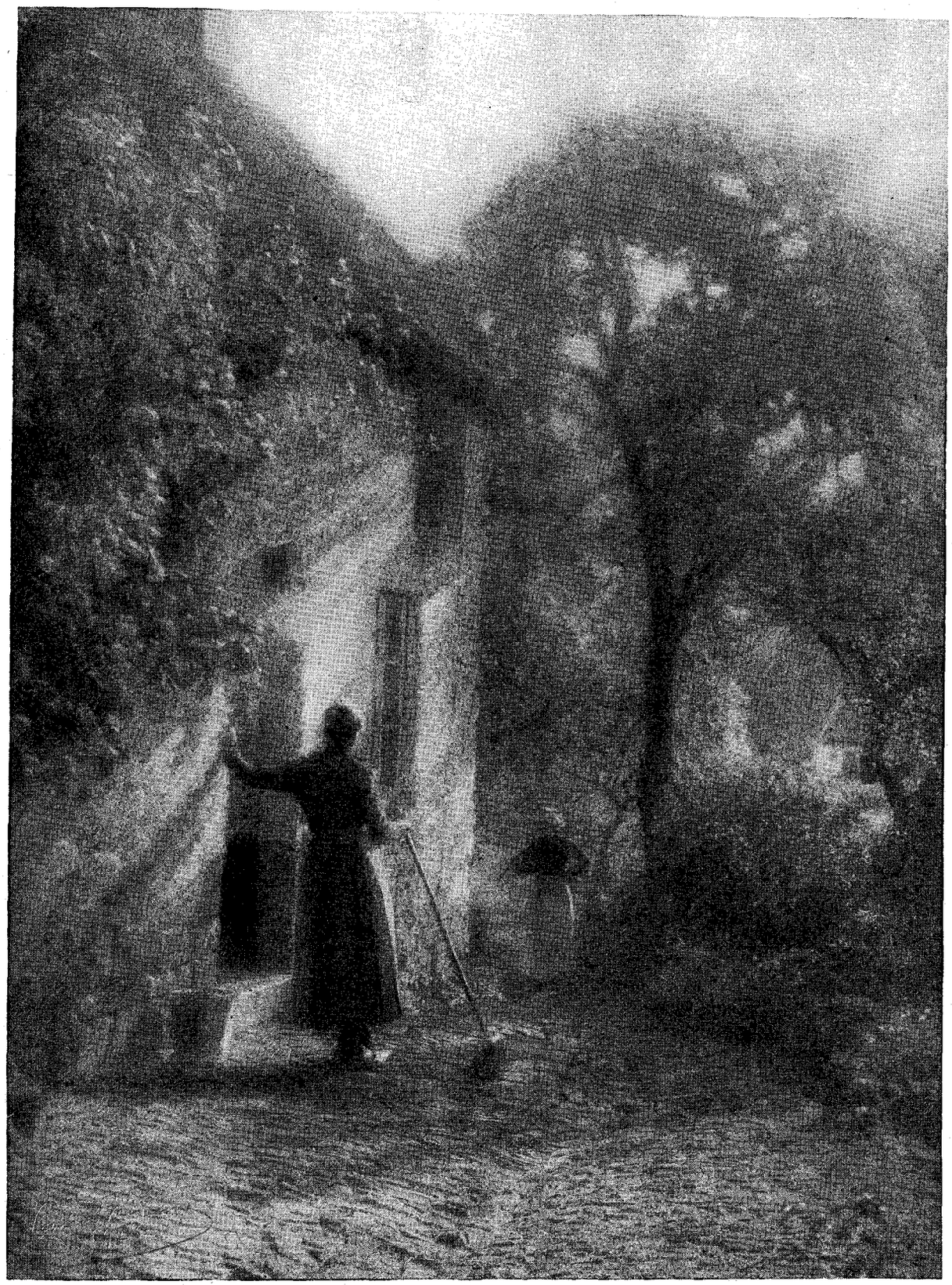
WITHIN THE RANGE OF

FROM THE INTERNATIONAL SALON, MAY 3-31, HELD IN NEW YORK CITY



"SUR LA PORTE," BY LEONARD MISONNE, OF GILLY, BELGIUM

From an "oil print," a photographic process which in the hands of an expert like M. Misonne has something of the delicacy and charm of an oil painting. The process is one that lends itself especially to an impressionistic treatment of the somewhat sentimental scene pictured

This exhibition, held at the Art Center, 65 East 56th Street, showed 475 most representative photographic

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"MONTMARTRE," BY ROBERT DEMACHY, PARIS, FRANCE

This oil print is by one of the acknowledged masters of "advanced photography," whose gum prints, oils and bromoils have been seen in the best photographic exhibitions for a generation. The above print is a lithographic transfer, made by M. Demachy, from the original oil print

photographs coming from all parts of the world, and forming one of the exhibitions ever seen in the United States

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HAND-PICKED EGGS

BY EDWARD K. PARKINSON

"YES, six raw eggs a day, beaten up in milk, for the next ten days. Nothing else. Don't forget." And with a cheerful smile the doctor was gone.

Six times ten are sixty; twelve into sixty goes five times—five dozen eggs. I got up from the sofa and wabbled over to my desk, reached for the telephone, and called up the grocer.

"Have you any real, honest-to-goodness, hand-picked eggs? Eighty cents a dozen! I'm not asking for dodo's eggs. I want just the common domestic variety that come in brown or white. Haven't you got anything cheaper? Hold on, don't go so fast. You say cold storage, guaranteed, at 42 cents. Western fresh at 46 cents. Near-by, fancy hennery, at 60 cents, and those dodo's eggs at 80 cents. Well, hang it, man, send me the dodo's; but if I ever get a chance to get even with you I'll swear you're a simon-pure pirate. A dozen daily for the next ten days, don't forget, please." And I hung up the receiver.

A month later chance found me up in the land of beautiful hills and purple shadows, where I spent six weeks with a friend who makes his living from poultry, supplying "near-by, fancy hennery" eggs to the egg eaters of Manhattan.

During those interesting six weeks I determined to find out just how much truth there was in all the talk I had heard about opulent poultrymen.

It took me but a few days to realize that one couldn't rush into the egg game with flags flying and one foot on the accelerator. Far from it; one had to climb painfully rung by rung.

Brook Dale Poultry Farm, the home of my friend, consists of sixty acres of mostly rough land, watered by two lovely streams. His house is attractive and supplied with all the modern conveniences; the assessed valuation is $6,000. The plant to-day, with a capacity for five thousand laying hens, consists of five long hen-houses, each capable of housing a thousand hens; a large feed-house, two-storied and well equipped; fifty colony houses; a house for cockerels; ten incubators, each having a capacity of four hundred eggs; and several hundred feet of wire fencing and posts. It represents an outlay for buildings of $6,550; for incubators, $500; brooders, $700; fencing, $200, making an equipment value of $7,950. This amount added to the value of the land and house brings the total to $13,950. The interest on this investment, plus the insurance, taxes, repairs, and depreciation ($371), is $1,210—a fixed annual charge, deducted before any profit can be shown. Quite a burden in itself.

The average human egg eater has a lazy idea that poultry plants run automatically, thus: Given a 5,000-hen plant. Just throw out a few bags of corn twice daily; clean out the houses once or twice a year; place 2,500 eggs each spring in the incubators, shut the doors, turn on the heat, then forget all about them until at the end of three weeks 2,500 pullets are hatched, all feathered and with side-combs and teeth, etc.

As a matter of fact, the laying ability of a pullet is inherited, and thus the selection of the breeding stock is a matter requiring the greatest care. This selection made, the breeding pens are filled, usually twelve to fifteen females and one male in each pen. The eggs produced by these birds are gathered several times daily to prevent any possibility of their becoming chilled, which would injure them for incubation.

Before the hatching season starts in the incubators are washed, disinfected, and given a coat of varnish. On Brook Dale Farm, where the machines are heated by lamps, these must be filled and cleaned daily and started several days before the eggs are put in, in order to have the temperature just right. The secret of hatching every egg set—the way madam hen often does—has never been found; but the poultryman through long experience has discovered that, taking the average of a number of years, it is necessary to set four eggs to get one pullet. Why? Because the average hatch runs about sixty per cent, the proportion of male and female chicks is 50–50, and the loss from infant mortality about ten per cent. Thus my friend has to set 10,000 eggs each spring in order to renew half of his laying hens. And as these eggs have a market value of 2.5 cents each, he must charge off $250 on his expense account.

To see thousands of little chicks running about on the green grass is a wonderful sight. They always remind me of those little water spiders one sees skipping about on the quiet reaches of a brook, for they seem absolutely devoid of sense, and are, for that matter.

From the moment the chick breaks its shell and tumbles into this wicked world it is under the eye of the boss, whose ceaseless vigil is his only assurance it will ever reach maturity. The life of a chicken is beset with dangers until it reaches the age of four months, when it can fend for itself. Among its enemies are skunks, rats, weasels, and hawks; and of these rats and hawks are the worst. One lone rat will destroy a brooder full of chicks in a night, while hawks are ever on the outlook for unsuspecting chicks.

To any one who has never seen a sharp-shinned or a Cooper's hawk go after its lunch it's a most interesting spectacle. Hanging motionless in the heavens, far up in the blue ether, it sails around in great spirals until within about two hundred feet of the ground, searching every inch for a chick. Suddenly it will dive straight down like a bullet until within a few feet of the ground, when it will straighten out and fly over its prey, picking it up in its claws without stopping an instant. All done in the passing of a few seconds.

The toll taken by hawks on Brook Dale Farm was so large that a boy with a gun is now employed to protect the youngsters from spring until midsummer; and even now they don't escape paying a small tribute to these marauders of the air.

The sale of the young cockerels for broilers is a source of considerable revenue to the poultryman and helps to meet the expense of rearing the pullets to the laying age, which with the Mediterranean breeds is about six months.

The cost of feeding a hen for a year is now about $2, and the labor of caring for her 55 cents. So if biddy gets on her job early in the autumn and averages 120 eggs during the year, she will, with eggs selling for 3 cents, net her owner $1.05. At least that is what I gathered from the books at Brook Dale, which showed an annual gross of $5,250.

Reader, I'll leave you to be the judge—could anything be easier? A comfortable income; a charming house in the country, and just enough work to keep the appetite on edge—that is, if getting up at break of day and working till dark from March until October is enough. Personally, I think it ample; and, as I followed my friend and his very capable sister, who between them do all the work, about day after day, I concluded they earned every cent. But wait a minute—the account isn't finished by a good deal.

To the $5,250 must be added the net profit from the sale of cockerels, which amounted to about $450, bringing the total income up to $5,700. Out of this quite respectable income must come the overhead, $1,210; the price of the eggs used in the incubator, $250; the cost of the electricity used to light the laying pen from 3 A. M. till 7 A. M.

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during the late fall and winter months (so that the birds will have a longer day), which averages around $125, thus reducing the income to $4,240. Cartage, cost of raising the pullets to laying age, egg crates, and delivery to the railway station, some five miles distant, have still to come out of that rapidly shrinking income. Feed for the pullets will average 75 cents each or $1,875, while the egg crates and delivery cost around $245, making $2,120 to be the final deduction, leaving a net of $2,120 for the year's work to be divided between two people.

How many readers would like to buy a poultry plant? Don't all write at once, for I haven't any up my sleeve.

This much should be said in regard to these figures: They don't lie, but they simply give a false impression, which is liable to be the error of many figures. It should be borne in mind that *actually* the owner of Brook Dale Farm doesn't deduct all his overhead of $1,210; he hangs on to every cent that isn't included in his really truly expense account. Of course he has to pay his insurance, taxes, and repairs; but he doesn't have to pay himself for the eggs he puts in his machines, so his actual income hovers around $3,000 a year. Mighty little for the work done, and I've learned to eat dodo's eggs without blinking an eyelid.

THE BIG YANKEE SCHOONER

AN UNCONSIDERED PORTION OF OUR NATIONAL MARINE, SHE PAYS HER WAY AND ASKS NO HELP—ONLY MEN!

BY JOHN T. ROWLAND

WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

SUMMER-TIME, fair weather, offshore five or six miles the sepia-tinted sails of a big four-masted schooner, drifting placidly across the burnished rim of the sea. It looks an easy life indeed, but place yourself aboard one of these big "wind wagons" coming up deep-laden from the Indies at any other season, striving to make port on a black, wild night of northeast gale and sleet, with a surf-belted coast alee and the seas making a clean breach over your decks, and you'll find (by all the gods of the sea!) that your humble, poorly paid skipper has suddenly stepped right smack to the head of the hero class.

No comfortable pilot-house or sheltered bridge for him! His billet is out on deck, where he takes it as it comes, for he has not only to navigate his ship *but to sail her too*, and therein lies all the difference between steamboat men and sailors.

A fair-sized coasting schooner of to-day—say the average four-master—is a bigger ship than were most of the famous clippers which raced to China and the Straits half a century ago and caused such a wonderful furor in the maritime world of their day. Indeed, some of our modern five-masters would make all but two or three of the clipper ships look small. Take, for instance, one of the big coal carriers with a cargo of 2,500 tons; you will have to search quite a while through the roster of the clippers to match her. Only a few, like the Sovereign of the Seas and the Great Republic, were larger, and these are matched or exceeded by the few six-masted schooners of to-day.

In speed the comparison is less favorable to the schooner. The steamship has pre-empted fast freight as well as mail and passenger service, with the result that the modern sailing ship makes no bid for speed. Her specialty is to carry bulk cargoes at low cost. Still, many of the big windjammers of to-day have fair lines "where they count most"—that is, at bow and stern—and can log 12 knots in a whole-sail breeze. When one reflects that the cargo carried is probably twice that which could have been put aboard a clipper ship of the same general dimensions, the sacrifice of two or three miles per hour in speed does not seem a great loss. Unquestionably the schooner is the more efficient carrier.

But it is only when you get under the skin of the trade, when you get down to particular ships and particular skippers, that the real romance of the thing shows up. Here, for instance, is a fine four-master just off the builders' ways, with a young skipper in the cabin and his bride making the voyage with him—it is their honeymoon. The cargo is steam coal from Norfolk for Durban, South Africa, around the corner of the Cape of Good Hope. A fairly extensive honeymoon, that—on one's own vessel!

The season is winter—the end of January. A stiff nor'wester chases the vessel off soundings; and for nearly a week she reels off her easting, standing far out into the Atlantic to gain the northeast trades.

After the good, boisterous west wind has failed and before the trade-wind belt is reached there comes a trying period when the air is light and baffling. However, northerly breezes prevail, and under their urge the tall ship's course bends southward. At length, when she is in almost the exact center of the ocean—midway between Florida and the coast of Africa—the breeze steadies in the east and grows fresh. The lisping of wavelets under the schooner's high bows changes to a steady roar as she gathers speed once more. Still the breeze freshens. Part of the time now she carries topsails, and at other times she has all she can lug with three lowers and a reefed spanker; but always she tears ahead, southward for the Line.

The weather grows warm, then hot, as each rising sun finds her close to two hundred miles farther south than the preceding. Then without warning *it* happens—just when the voyage was going so well! The deck, it seems, all through the mate's watch has been hot underfoot—too hot for early morning even in the tropics. A hatch cover is cautiously raised and a cloud of acrid smoke spirals skyward. The cargo is afire—spontaneous combustion.

There's not much one can do in a wooden ship. To fight it is out of the question; scuttling the vessel is the only way to put it out, but the ocean hereabouts is five miles deep!

Hatch covers are put back, securely battened down in an effort to keep air from reaching the fire, and the ship is headed for the nearest point in South America—Cape St. Roque, more than eight hundred miles away.

It is a race now, a grim one—wind against fire. She makes famous time, for the "old man" is driving and all hands are up on their toes; no need now to berate the mate for stretched halyards or sagging sails in the forenoon watch! Eight knots and a half—204 miles a day—four days to do it; perhaps on the afternoon of the fourth they'll raise the land if only— The skipper keeps his doubts to himself.

But on the second night, about 2 A.M., a sudden thrashing of booms and slatting of canvas brings him on deck "as he stands."

"What's this, Mister—wind gone round?"

"Yes, sir," so the gruff-voiced bosun. "Been workin' to the southard all through this watch. Now it's bafflin' right ahead."

The skipper nods. "Put her 'by the

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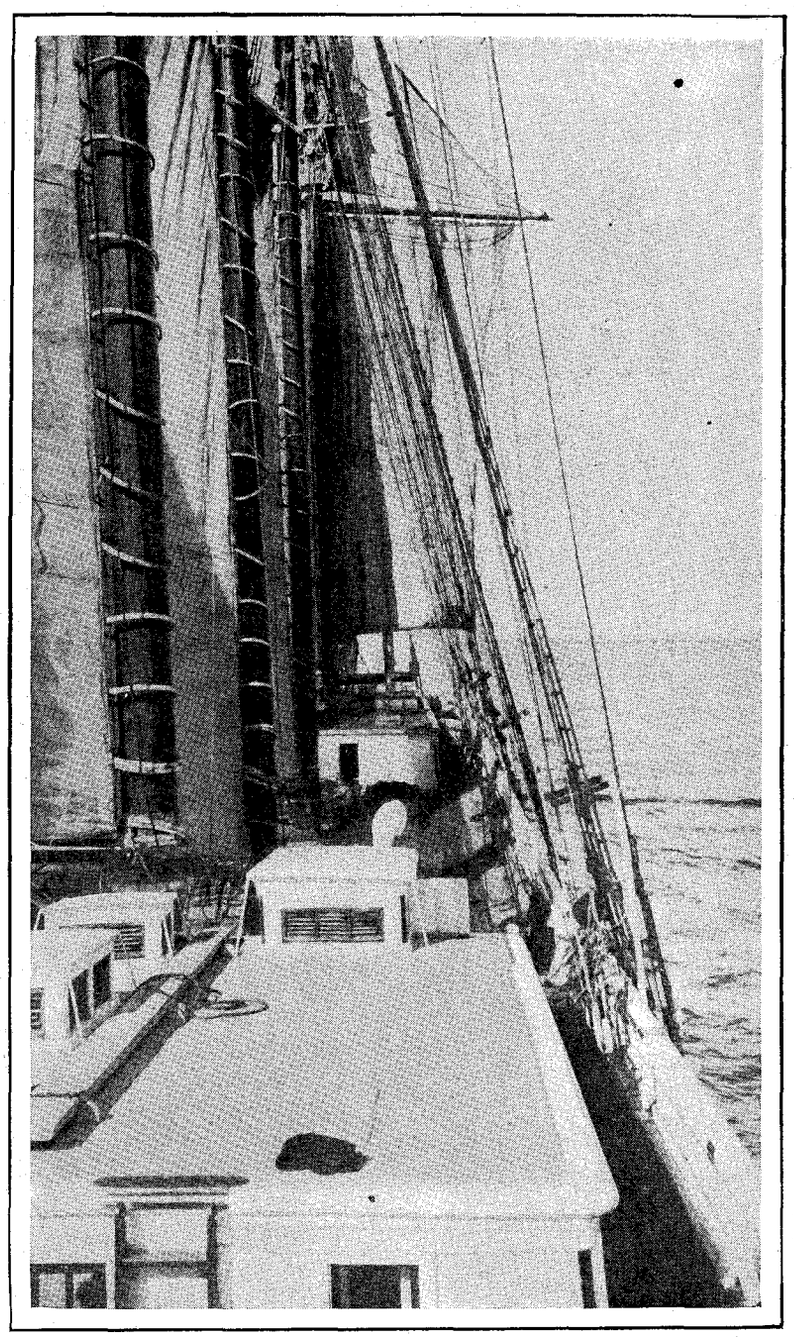

FINE WEATHER NEAR THE LINE. NOTE SQUARESAIL FOR DEEP-WATER CRUISING

wind,' " he commands, cheerfully. But he goes below and studies his chart with solemn eyes, for the dreaded thing has happened—he has run out of the trades, into the west-wind belt. Henceforth it will be ahead.

Four days—the four that were to have carried the vessel to safety—find her still six hundred miles from land. The mate and two hands have been hard at it since dawn hunting air leaks in the deck and plugging them with oakum and putty. Yet an acrid haze hangs over the ship which even the piping breeze seems unable to dispel.

"By golly!" exclaims the "old man" suddenly (he's under thirty-five as a matter of fact); "those decks won't bear a man's weight much longer! Here, Johnson, bear a hand with a couple of your watch-mates and bring everything aft out of the fo'c'sle. Send the cook aft, too. He'll have to use the cabin stove from now on."

By noon the heat is intense. It is difficult to know how much of it to ascribe to the smoldering volcano underfoot and how much to the blazing sun overhead. In mid-afternoon, to make matters worse, the breeze peters out, leaving here and there only a "streak of air" to darken the smoothly swelling surface of the ocean, like plush that is stroked against the grain. This, however, does not displease the skipper so greatly as one might suppose, for now he has hope of a breeze from the old quarter. It comes, to his great joy, just before midnight—right spang behind her, out of the southeast. And well that it does, for morning discloses all the fore part of the vessel shrouded in smoke.

About eight bells the first dart of flame shoots up through the deck. It spreads rapidly, even against the wind. By noon half the ship is ablaze.

Now the long-boat is provisioned and lowered away. It is large enough to hold comfortably the ten persons who make up the ship's company. The crew get in, and the boat is towed astern at the end of a long sea painter. Two remain behind, the skipper and his young wife.

Blazing as she is, the ship yet sails faster than the long-boat can "mote," so the "old man" is determined to use her for a tug as long as she stays afloat. With the bride it has been simply a case of mutiny: she has refused to quit the ship ahead of her man.

While he stands at the schooner's wheel, sheltered by the "house" from the inferno raging in the waist, she busies herself with sextant and tables, taking a sight and working out the final latitude and longitude from which to take their departure. In the two months spent at sea she has learned to be a more skillful navigator than her husband.

At last the mainmast goes crashing, and soon after it the fore; then, since the vessel is no longer manageable, the skipper signals the boat to come alongside and take them off.

An open boat in the middle of the South Atlantic, six hundred miles from land! Off they go, leaving the ship a pillar of smoke upon the horizon. It is blowing a fresh breeze and the sea is rough. Enough spray comes aboard to keep two men steadily employed in bailing. The boat is using her sails and making good progress, but everything depends upon steering a straight course, so the skipper trusts no one at the tiller but himself. For seventy-two hours he does not take a "spell."

The wife does the navigating. She "shoots the sun," standing erect on a thwart, with a sailor on either side to steady her.

Dawn of the fourth day discloses a lump of desolation ahead, the desert island of Trinidad. Skirting close to it, they discover, to their amazement, a radio mast and buildings. Then to leeward they hear the crow of a cock. With some difficulty a landing-place is found and the boat is run ashore. The skipper is too "beat" to leave the beach, but his wife goes to meet the inhabitants and converses in commercial school Spanish (!) with the head man, who informs her that the island has just recently been fitted out by the Brazilian Government as a radio station.

A United States cruiser homeward bound from South America is informed of the castaways' plight, and soon runs down out of her course to pick them up. Three months from the date of their leaving Norfolk the skipper

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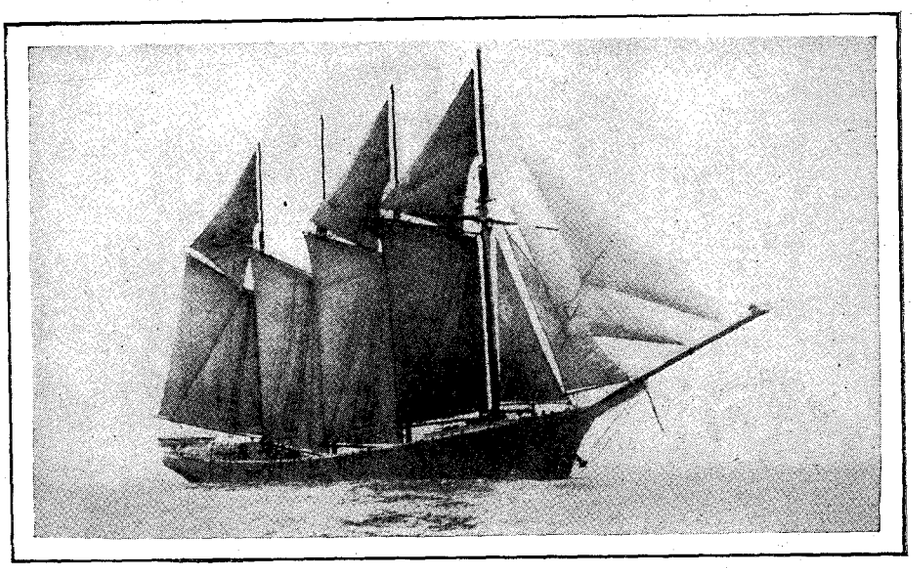
and his wife are set ashore at the Battery, New York, by the captain's gig of the Pittsburgh.

Romance? Yes, but not fiction. Every word of it is plain, unvarnished truth, as the official log of the U. S. S. Pittsburgh will confirm.

Of course it does not usually end like this in disaster. Sometimes the schooners make fine passages and profit proportionally. One schooner made the long voyage out around the West Indies from Mobile to Trinidad last winter in thirty-one days, and came back through the Strait of Yucatan with wind and current in sixteen. She earned a gross freight of over $10,000 for the round, and her expenses were a little over half that amount. Afterwards the same vessel took in $5,000 for carrying a cargo of lumber from Brunswick, Georgia, to Portland, Maine, which she accomplished in eleven days. She had nothing unusual in the way of weather—just moderate southerly winds the whole way up the coast. Her profit for the four months, including time spent in port, was nearly $7,000. Not bad business if one could keep up that gait!

As a rule the big fellows get along well enough at sea. It is when you "make the land" and the weather comes thick and squally, or, in winter, a blizzard swoops down pitilessly just as you are in a ticklish place, that the "old man's" seamanship and ability to lead men are put to the severest test. The common sailors, and even the mates, one finds in our sailing vessels nowadays are a pretty hopeless lot. Heaven knows where the masters are coming from when the present relics of New England's seafaring greatness are gone!

Only last summer I was coming into Eastport, Maine, in a big four-master loaded with 1,200 tons of stone. The weather was fine and the wind fair. As we passed the corner of Campobello Island the strong tidal current which boils around that point caught the vessel in its grip, and in spite of a hard-over helm swung her so that she headed straight for the rocky shore less than a cable length away.



LAZING ALONG THROUGH SUNLIT SEAS

The skipper did not waste time shouting orders. Instead he sprinted the whole length of the ship and let go both anchors on the run, *with his own hands*. Meanwhile I took charge at the other end and worked like mad to get the after-sail off her, so that the vessel's head might swing away from the land. She fetched up at last with her jib-boom among the tree-tops and her forefoot a few rods from the shore. The only one of the crew who gave any signs of life in this emergency was a young British ex-soldier who was making his first voyage before the mast. The rest stood around and waited for some one to come along and put a rope into their hands.

Another shipmaster of my acquaintance has told me that the smartest crew he ever shipped was a group of college boys on their summer vacation. "Didn't know a rope's end from a marlinspike when they came aboard, but inside of a week they could reef and steer like old-timers. It was *fun* to handle a vessel with a gang like that! And work—say, you couldn't hardly drive 'em off the deck long enough to eat their grub, not when there was any sailorizing to be done, anyhow!"

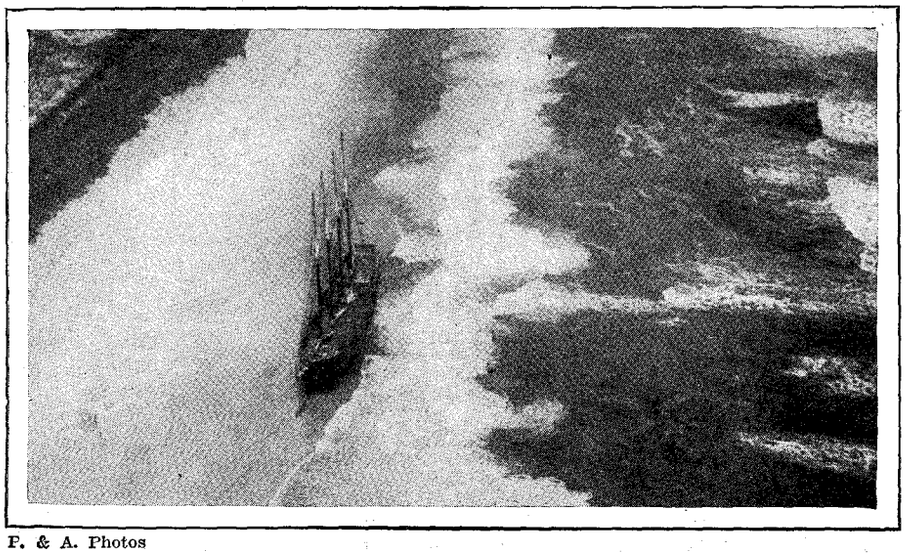
The future of the sailing marine depends upon men. We have the ships and the work for them, so far as the schooner is concerned. In certain trades a steamer will never be able to compete successfully with sail; but you can't sail a vessel without men.

"You made a quick passage, captain," I greeted a certain old friend on his arrival in port.

"I had to!" he burst out; "a fellow can't stand double watches *forever!*"

It is a great pity that vessel operators cannot see their way clear to recompense the skippers more generously, for the breed is dying out through sheer lack of support. It seems a sad state of affairs when bootleggers grow rich while honest shipmasters have to go begging! Yet the owners, too, have their difficulties, and one cannot expect them to pay more than they need to do in order to secure the services they require. The union idea has never taken much hold of the sailing-ship man; he considers himself too truly the representative of his owners. That is the very foundation of his creed.

The only thing that makes the schooner master's life endurable is the fact that he can depend upon machinery to perform a large part of the ship's work. A steam winch or donkey-engine is the "strong man" that hoists sails and anchors and handles cargo. With a good winchman and a passable mate, and a handful of "dummies" who have just sense enough to carry a rope's end to the winch and catch a turn of it around the "nigger-head," he takes his ship to sea and brings her home again, do-



F. & A. Photos

A FOUR-MASTED SCHOONER AGROUND ON THE LONG ISLAND SHORE—AN AIRPLANE PICTURE SHOWING THE PERILS OF NAVIGATION EVEN ON A SANDY COAST

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ing most of the sailorizing and all the navigation himself. Some masters even work with palm and needle mending sails, because anybody else on the vessel would botch the work—purposely, most likely. A sad change, this, from the days when a Yankee ship went to sea with thirty, forty, or even fifty men before the mast who were real sailors and thought nothing of laying out on a topsail yard and fisting the frozen, thrashing canvas in the midst of a howling "Cape stiff" blizzard!

The very need for economy that brought the winch in drove the sailor out, and now, as so often happens in such cases, there are not even men left to handle the winch.

Possibly the solution is that suggested by the crew of college men. If a body of intelligent recruits from this class were available for part of the year only, its effect on the unleavened lump would be considerable, and it is conceivable that some of the better stock would stick through sheer love of the sea, which their experiences would engender. For the man with a little money of his own and the heritage of the sea in his blood the trick is to work his way up to master (which he will do with surprising ease), and then become part owner in the vessel he commands. Thus may commercial conscience be harmonized with natural bent and a good investment of one's capital be secured.

Some solution surely must be found, and that soon, or the Yankee schooner will disappear off the seas, as the clipper ship did fifty years ago and as our inefficient and law-bound steam merchant marine is in the painful act of doing to-day.

AFTER MUSIC

BY BERNICE LESBIA KENYON

IN any room where songs were sung
Returning echoes mock the void
Of silence, stirring low among
Dark shadows of a peace destroyed:

Such peace as was not hard to bear
Before the singing had been heard;
Poor peace—poor silence—everywhere
By wandering echoes blown and stirred.

Oh, sad am I whose hollow brain,
And body empty now of song,
Resound to ghostly tunes, to vain
Vague echoes, day-long and night-long.

THE DISASTROUS RESULTS OF POLLUTION OF OUR WATERS

BY DAVID M. NEUBERGER

PRESIDENT OF THE NATIONAL COAST ANTI-POLLUTION LEAGUE

POLLUTION of the inland and coastal waters of this country presents a situation so threatening in its possibilities that it amounts to what may without exaggeration be termed a problem of National importance, imperiling health and food supply.

Authentic statistics and reports prove beyond the shadow of doubt that if we continue to permit further defilement of our waters—which means an increase in the area of bacterial contamination—we will be faced with losses and subsequent taxation which will run into billions in money.

Since 1910 the number of oil-carrying and oil-burning vessels which discharge refuse oils and tar into our coastal waters has increased more than one thousand per cent. The number of factories emptying waste of all kinds into our inland streams has also grown by leaps and bounds.

Such constant and growing contamination constitutes a real menace to all existing aqueous life. Indeed, Collinge, an English authority, reports that hundreds of sea birds have been found dead and dying off the English coast, their feathers heavy with oil. Our own Atlantic and Pacific coasts could tell the same tale. I myself saw wild duck and geese on the Atlantic coast in the fall of 1921 struggling vainly to rise. Last December, and again on April 10 of this year, the same condition existed on the New Jersey coast at Cape May, when all that was necessary for an oil-soaked wild duck dinner was to row out a short distance and pick as many of the wild fowl as one desired and pull them out of the oil-coated waters, where they were held secure.

Oil, tar, and other industrial waste poisons become increasingly deadly in proportion to the length of time they remain in the water. Ulcers and other skin afflictions are attributed to the irritating action of petroleum products. Fish have been known to disappear completely from pools and ponds following oil discharges into the water.

Pollution affects fisheries in numerous ways:

1. It will kill the fish outright.
2. It will divert a migration, which is the time fish can be caught.

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3. It will smother the young by depriving the spawn of oxygen.

4. It kills sea plants and other minute particles whereon fish subsist.

5. It destroys the spawning grounds.

6. It kills vegetation in shallow waters.

That the fishing industry has been seriously affected by oil pollution cannot be disputed. The following figures bear striking testimony:

In 1908 the fisheries of Alabama on the Gulf of Mexico produced 10,610,000 pounds of fish of all kinds, valued at $387,000.

In 1918 the production dropped to 5,609,219 pounds, valued at $230,567.

In 1908 the Louisiana production, also on the Gulf, was 42,302,000 pounds, valued at $1,448,000.

In 1918 the production was 24,953,876 pounds, valued at $1,419,387.

In each case with the decrease in yield came the rise in price, which of course fell on the consumer.

South Carolina presents equally significant facts. The Government maintains its naval base and yards at Charleston. The oil and fuel and other plants along the coast of the Atlantic are among the largest in the country. The South Carolina harbors are the ports for innumerable oil-carrying and oil-burning craft.

In 1908, when food fish were abundant and prices low, the South Carolina catches netted 14,104,000 pounds. In 1918, when the war had increased the number of ships emptying poisonous waste into the waters and the industries were adding to the danger, the catch fell to 3,746,942 pounds, and the prices soared correspondingly.

Everywhere the effects of pollution are becoming more apparent.

The largest seed-oyster supply in the world, in the James River, Virginia, is threatened with destruction, as is the fishing industry of Hampton Roads, from this cause. Six miles of natural oyster grounds are ruined from trade wastes which have worked into the Delaware River. Here the fishing boats become so besmeared with the oil mixture that they are cleansed only with the greatest difficulty.

Although in 1918 catches on the east coast of Florida and in Georgia showed an increase, this is not due to food fish, but to menhaden in large quantities, used for fertilizer and fish oils.

Prior to 1914 some fishermen on the northern New Jersey coast made a good livelihood with catches of 100,000 pounds and more of weakfish, on an average, per week. This is more than the total catch in a season, and perhaps two seasons, since 1917. It was no uncommon thing to bring in 300 pounds of Spanish mackerel daily. To-day there is hardly one left in those waters.

In the upper Ohio River the poisoned waters are a danger to the Government locks and dams. The waters of the Youghiogheny River (a tributary of the Alleghany River entering a short distance above Pittsburgh) are so charged with acid that no boats go up without carrying extra barges containing good water.

The Mid-West States also suffer. Most fisheries in Lake Erie have been hard hit by water contamination. The Detroit and Maumee Rivers and Maumee Bay reek with pollution.

Some of Iowa's inland streams are befouled for a distance of thirty miles and more. Toledo, Ohio, reported an outbreak of general skin infections and diseases of the eye, ear, nose, throat, and sinus recurring regularly each year after the bathing season.

Indiana too suffers from the results of water pollution, and from Madison, Wisconsin, there has come a request for aid in dealing with this condition.

In January of this year the Superintendent of the Connecticut State Board of Fisheries and Game declared that if the present conditions in that State continued the Connecticut River shad will be extinct in five years. In 1922 the catches dropped to a meager 18,821 from 176,085 in 1903.

His statement hardly comes as a surprise, for under the circumstances the outcome could not be otherwise.

A striking example of that which is thrown out of industrial plants into streams and the character and volume with which it is discharged may be found when referring to pulp mills alone.

Governmental reports show from experiments that 250 grammes of shavings in 28 liters of water with continuous aeration killed bass in twenty-four hours; that 100 grammes of bark under similar conditions killed them in nineteen hours; and that 500 grammes of chips floating free in the same quantity of water killed salmon fry in fifty hours.

The volume of material poison waste from sulphite pulp mills is enormous. Where the mill produces 100 tons of pulp daily it discharges about 6,000,000 gallons of mixed waters, and they carry from the blow-pit when the liquors are drained off about 4,000 pounds of free sulphur dioxide in solution, about 100 tons of decomposition products such as sulphonates, tannins, etc.—all poisonous to life in the streams.

It is probable that no mill of the size referred to would be located on any stream flowing less than from 150 to 160 cubic feet per second, or, say, 100,000,000 gallons per day. So that the area and the distribution of bacterial contamination are being increased continuously by the hour and day, and this is perhaps incessant.

In the Great Lakes, into which empty millions upon millions of gallons of pollution of every kind, the results have been inevitable.

Lake Michigan in 1908 had a production of 40,019,000 pounds of fish, valued at $1,554,000, which in 1917 fell to 35,460,628 pounds, with a market value of $2,270,859.

Lake Erie produced 41,922,000 pounds in 1908, worth $1,280,000, and fell down to 38,300,238 pounds in 1918, worth $2,330,000.

The combined production of Lakes Superior, Michigan, Huron, Erie, Ontario, St. Clair, and the Detroit and St. Clair Rivers was 2,872,777 pounds less in 1917 than in 1908, but the market value was $2,429,969 greater.

Once the State of Michigan boasted of having the finest forest fishing streams, with more than 2,000 square miles on inland waters. To-day it has barely one-fifth of the trout fishing of a decade ago.

A few years ago inland streams could normally dispose of quite a fair volume of pollution. To-day this is evidently no longer possible, for many of the river-banks are strewn with decomposing matter, which during the warm weather is an excellent breeding-ground for deadly germs.

There is food for thought, too, in our health report figures.

In 1921 there were 26 cases of infantile paralysis and 9 deaths in New York City. In Boston there were 26 cases and 4 deaths from the same cause, while in Philadelphia there were 3 cases and 2 deaths. It appears that where pollution of coast waters is heaviest some diseases are most frequent.

Since the publication of my former article a new slight form of epidemic has made its appearance in another small community at Hillsdale, New Jersey, which has a population of 1,500. It is said to be due to pollution of streams, and from three hundred to three hundred and fifty cases have been treated. The stream claimed to be polluted runs through the town, and one-half of a mile below its boundary the Hackensack Water Company gets the water and uses and distributes it for use.

One can hardly conceive being more complacently cradled in a septic tank than under such conditions.

These rumbling warnings must be heeded before something worse happens. And it is surely stretching the point to extremes to yield to the suggestive intimations of some all-wise legislator that when something in the nature of a serious calamity takes place it will be time enough to enact laws to curb the pollution evil.

Not only was nothing done to remedy this serious state of affairs caused by the defilement of our coast and inland waters by oil, tar, and the like before the National Coast Anti-Pollu-

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tion League began its activity, but the conditions were growing worse, while no organized efforts were made to halt or eradicate them, and a recent movement to check the progress met with frustration.

When in 1921 the first bill to prevent further oil pollution was introduced at the Sixty-seventh Session of Congress, violent objections came from manufacturers in one State, who feared the cost of cleaning up.

It seems rather a sad commentary on our highly prized "industrial progress" to allow what would amount to a comparatively small outlay right now stand in the way of our National well-being.

I wonder how long these objecting gentlemen would maintain their attitude if they were compelled to place their children under a physician's care as a result of an afternoon's swim in a polluted stream?

Let us consider what remedies we have. They are very few, if any at all exist, and inadequate.

There is not in existence to-day any Federal act which provides penalties for defilement of coastal waters by oil pollution. The War Department is powerless in the matter.

State laws are also woefully inadequate.

In New York and Pennsylvania, as in most other States, the conservation departments are likewise powerless to stop stream pollution by court procedure. Unless it can be definitely established that the death of fish is the direct result of pollution from the factory of which it is sought to hold the owners liable, the prosecution against them must fall.

For example: The Conservation Law of New York (Section 247) provides that none of the industrial wastes named therein "or other deleterious or poisonous substances shall be thrown or allowed to run into any waters, either private or public, in quantities injurious to fish life inhabiting the same, or injurious to the propagation of fish therein." This is also the Penal Law.

The scope of this provision has been held by the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court in the case of People *versus* La Pell to mean that the prohibition against throwing sawdust and shavings into a stream does not prevent the destruction of a stream as a spawning ground, but only its pollution by such deleterious materials in quantities sufficient to destroy fish, and this has been followed by other decisions, both in New York and other States, to the same effect.

In civil proceedings to enjoin such pollutions, where the offending mill is located some distance away from the landowner who complains, the operators cannot be restrained unless the proof to which reference has just been made is forthcoming, and the actions generally fail.

In the city of Mobile, Alabama, Dock Commissioner Hartwell, one of the Executive Committee of the National Coast Anti-Pollution League, is rigidly enforcing a city ordinance which imposes both imprisonment and fine as penalty for polluting the river there, and that punishment has already been meted out to some offenders, and other cities will soon follow suit.

Shortly after the opening of the Sixty-seventh Session of Congress in the fall of 1921 Senator Frelinghuysen, of New Jersey, introduced and had passed in the United States Senate a bill which dealt comprehensively with the matter. This was the same bill which the National Coast Anti-Pollution League urged for passage in the House. It was known as the Oil-Pollution Bill. It was introduced in Congress by Representative Appleby, and finally reported out favorably by the Rivers and Harbors Committee, ordered on the calendar and printed.

The League was anxious for the enactment of this bill into law, as indeed was every one interested, for it provided sufficient safeguards and penalties for its violations. It represented the first effective Federal step toward the abatement of the pollution evil. And it gave ample time for compliance with its terms by providing that it should become operative three months after its passage.

However, through the continued opposition of one man who at that time was the Acting Speaker of the House of Representatives, the bill was not even allowed to be voted on. Senator Frelinghuysen has publicly stated that the failure of this legislation is deplorable. It will again be introduced at the next session in December.

Public sentiment is gradually awakening to the dangers of this water pollution and supporters for this proposed legislation are rallying from every part of the United States.

England took warning of conditions, for its experts in 1919 believed that the population of the sea varied more or less in inverse ratio to the number of fish killed by fishermen, and that nature left to herself would add an even approximate accretion to the fish population each year.

It followed that there must have been great accumulations in the sea during the war, and it was possibly safe to speculate or expect that the 1920 catch would double the pre-war maximum, as the fish were practically unmolested on the spawning grounds for four years.

Leaders in the industry supposed that as soon as the trawlers got back in full strength the yearly catch of the fleet would be not less than from 1,250,000 to 2,000,000 tons, and they foretold this as the catch for 1920.

As a matter of fact, 1,541 English trawlers in 1920 landed 434,000 tons, an average per ship of less than six tons per week, instead of the expected nineteen tons; so that if commercial fishing, over-fishing, or intense fishing caused this condition, and if approximately the same ratio of infant fish survived each year, then the catch or production for 1920 would have been nearer to the forecast instead of approximately 800,000 tons under it. Nothing other than pollution, it seems, was therefore the cause.

The British, quick to observe the menace to their fishing industry and health by similar conditions, heeded its warnings and got ahead of us, for they enacted a law similar to the one proposed by the Frelinghuysen and Appleby Bills, and it went into effect on January 1 of this year.

It is hardly possible that the people of this Nation are going to permit the advantages which nature has bestowed upon them to be wrecked beyond redemption, the food which the sea and inland waters produce to be destroyed by pollution, and then fail also in their demand for the enactment of adequate protective laws to arrest the inevitable calamity.

The pollution of our waters is more than a National matter. It is an international subject. The British have recognized this. Their law imposes a penalty for polluting the coastal waters by oil discharges either from a ship or shore within the three-mile limit.

Canada has recognized the danger and is already beginning to take action. The Dominion Government is planning a movement against those American cities responsible for the conditions.

Up to the present little has been done by individual States in this country toward securing laws of any real benefit in this matter. And yet every State, as well as the Government, is continuing to spend hundreds of thousands of dollars annually in hatcheries and restocking streams, with the result that the young fish never propagate, but are killed.

Checking this peril to our economic and sanitary conditions and to our fish conservation and propagation is no small affair. It calls for a more general realization of its importance as a National problem. Neglect can only mean that those who are entitled to benefit suffer, and, while the burdens fall on all the people, the food products of the sea and inland waters are not conserved and the conditions resulting are dangerous to health and sanitation.

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FROM CONGRESS TO CABINET

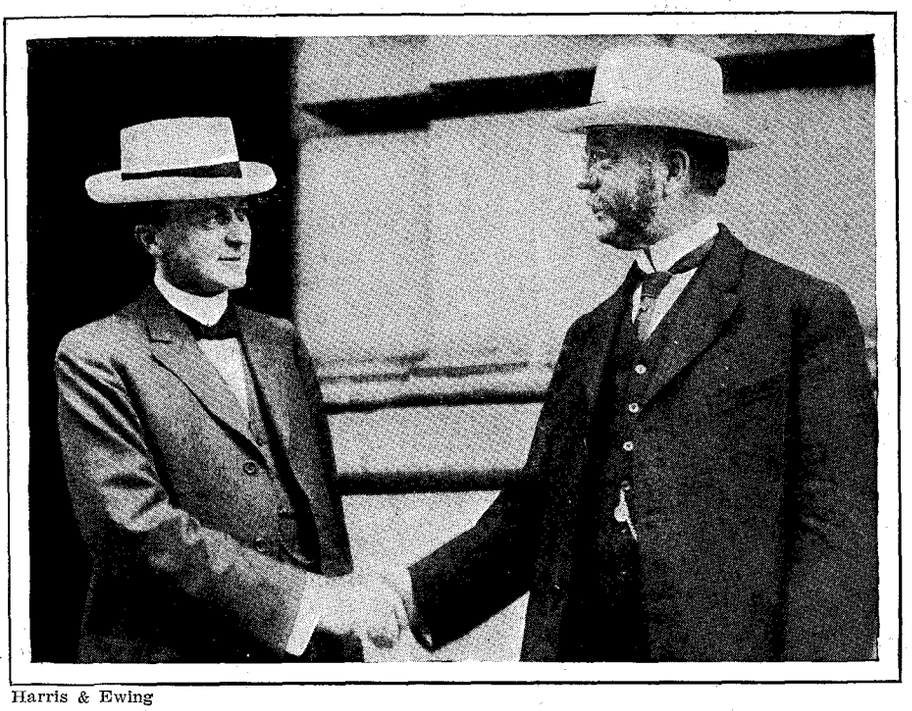
EXPERIENCES AND IMPRESSIONS OF PUBLIC LIFE IN WASHINGTON

BY WILLIAM C. REDFIELD

CHAPTER I. CONGRESS—THE UPPER LEVEL

THE Senate of the United States is said to be the greatest deliberative assembly in the world. There ought to be no doubt about this. The Senators admit it. The burden of its greatness is visibly borne upon some Senatorial shoulders. Many Senators, indeed, so conduct themselves as to give weight to the charge that the Senate is deliberative. Others—well, there are others.

One wishes to think highly of a body which great men have honored by their presence in the past and which to-day includes good and able men. But it is often difficult to visualize the Senate because of the Senators. A tolerant spirit finds some of them only amusing; others betray their own uncertainties by an anxious dignity. They are very human in their assumptions and conceits. Their prejudices, their ignorances, are so obvious. They are never more delightful to the sense of humor than when they take themselves most seriously. To-day they add to the gayety of nations; tomorrow to their sorrows. But they mean to do neither. They happen to be in an arena that excites them. There is a great deal of Senatorial "cerebral elephantiasis." Nobody knows this better than the many thoughtful, earnest men who are themselves Senators.

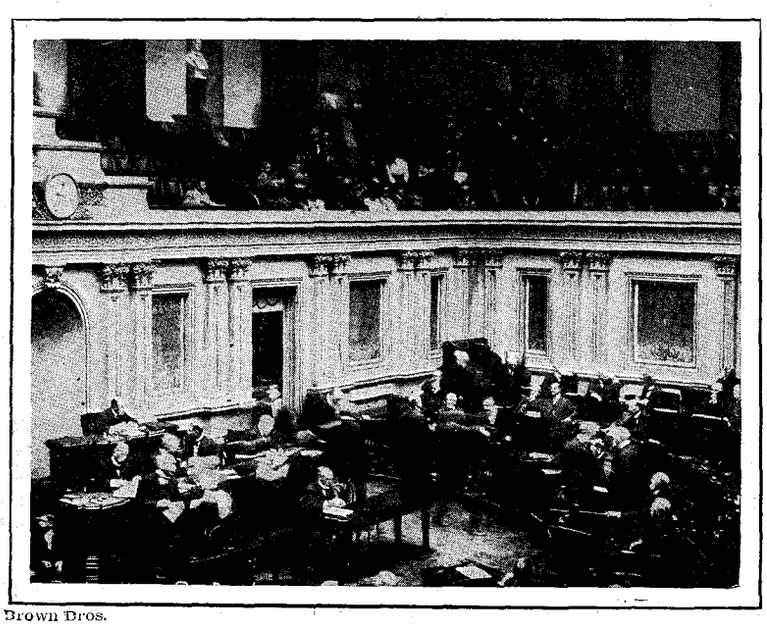


Harris & Ewing

Despite the candor with which Mr. Redfield describes the United States Senate, numerous Senators were among his close and valued friends. Mr. Redfield, at the right, is shaking hands with Senator Pomerene, of Ohio

The contrast between the British legislative electoral system and our own was shown in a striking way in the fall of 1922. The new Parliament elected on November 15 met November 20, so that in five days the expressed will of the British people was in operation. We chose a new Congress on November 7. It will not meet until December 3, 1923, unless called earlier in extra session. Meanwhile a Congress elected in November, 1920, assembled both in extra and regular session and legislation was enacted by many men who had been rejected by their constituents. This is neither representative government nor democracy. It is the hand of a dead past gripping the present and guiding the future. Whether or not it gives time for reflection, as is said, it is not freedom. The people's will, though known, is ineffective. It may well be that when their will of 1922 finds expression at the end of 1923 the people will have changed their views and may again be unable to express them for two years more.

This is one of the conditions which leads to the separateness of Congress from the country. It accounts in part for the Congressional psychology. Congress is in many ways a law unto itself, and often acts as it would not act if it were as responsive to the people as the British Parliament. Nemesis is, on the whole, rather far



Brown Bros.

The greatest deliberative assembly in the world has a marked antipathy for cameras. This is one of the few pictures of the United States Senate in existence

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off. The disease called "come-back-itis" is endemic on Capitol Hill, but a fatal ending often seems remote. The public has no ready remedy. Congress can always hope that the ebb tide of disapproval may in time become a flood of support. Of course members are swamped with telegrams and letters from active organizations, but these often balance each other. Organized effort makes itself felt through these means more effectively than does widespread inactive public opinion. A popular movement must be mighty indeed to control Congressional action in the face of skillful propaganda.

OUR CONGRESSIONAL MASTERS

It is clear to one who sits in Congress with an observing eye that the collective psychology differs from the individual one. Members as men wish to serve—many sincerely, some subserviently; but members as members are often more like masters than servants, and in much think, talk, and act as masters. There is such a thing as distinct Congressional opinion, separated from public opinion, and unconsciously assumed, in the absence of political earthquakes, to be superior to it. It acts in many things with indifference to the country or with a consciousness of the country's ignorance which is not the less real because it is and will be vigorously denied. Things are done and left undone in Congress which the country would not tolerate if it knew (and were free to act), but which in the rush and whirl of political affairs and with a press concentrated upon the larger visible features of the day go unnoticed.

Senators seen from the executive standpoint sometimes appear to think it was written that before them every knee should bow. Certainly they expect that at their coming every door shall open. No conference, no occupation, no engagement, delays their entrance. Let the Senator in, though others wait. Let the Senator talk, though work stop and the public sit without. Representatives have little intrusive ways, but they are not even a poor second in this respect. Senators differ, of course. Most of them find it natural to be gentlemen as well as Senators. In others this happy combination is not adequately revealed.

A SAMPLE OF SENATORIAL RAGE

One day the telephone brought the message: "The President desires to see the Secretary at once." At that moment my secretary appeared, saying that Senator X. had come in. Asking her to excuse me to the Senator and to tell him that a sudden call required my immediate presence at the White House, I went to the elevator. There was a brief delay, and the Senator, having received my message, met me in the hall. His injured Senatorial pride found solace in abuse. He declined to believe that there had been any sudden call; rather was it an attempt to escape an interview with him, and therefore an affront to the great body of which he was a part. His anger grew with its indulgence. He scolded through seven floors and out through the lobby on to the street, both audibly and visibly making a show of himself.

Such small Senatorial ways are well understood in Washington, and at a safe distance are treated with quiet humor. Sometimes enlivening incidents occur. There was the case of J. C. Blank, who was peculiar in having no Christian name—merely the letters J. C. He was a subordinate, an assistant messenger serving as doorkeeper, but there burned within him the desire for larger things. A passion for examinations reigned in J. C.'s soul, although he could not often pass. Undaunted, he would try and try again. In this spirit, though he came from inland and never saw the sea, he essayed to reach a high post in the Navigation Service. The consequent rating of seventeen did not disturb him. He just said, "I'll try something else." Then he tried for assistant messenger, and passed.

J. C. had been told to be polite. One day a Senator called, asking for the Secretary. He met a cordial welcome from J. C.; more cordial, indeed, than he expected, for as he made his wishes known J. C. slapped him on the back and threw his arm around the Senatorial shoulders, saying: "Certainly, Senator, you can see the Secretary. Walk right in with me."

The emotions of the Senator must be imagined. He burst out: "Take your arm away!" and as he passed into the office, exploded: "What the h—— is that out there?" It became necessary to place J. C. where he was less in touch with legislators.

A certain Senator from Georgia was full of years and dignity, one of numerous statesmen whose constituents wanted jobs. He called one day, accompanied by an applicant. In my office was a Representative on a similar errand.

"I am Senator ——, of Georgia," said that gentleman to my secretary. "I wish to see Mr. Redfield."

"Just wait a moment; the Secretary is engaged," was the reply.

The Senator looked hard at my assistant, and remarked, "Senators are not supposed to wait a moment." He came in. The Representative did not mind; he was probably used to it.

There is a tradition that Senators are elected to enact legislation, and that the Constitution so states. Many in the Senate still find their chief occupation in these matters, but there are exceptions. At times it would almost seem as if some Senators felt that they should assume the direction of administrative details. This of course is chiefly in connection with appointments and promotions. To be just, one must admit that it is open to doubt whether in this respect Senators are so much the worriers as the worried. The pressure on them is constant, and grateful thanks are often due them for standing as buffers between the department and the job seekers. Yet when a Senator launches a personal campaign for a constituent to whom he feels obligated he carries it far. One was known to say, when the wearied Secretary had done his best to find an opportunity within the law for the object of Senatorial effort, that he was a party leader and must insist that this be done for him, leaving it to the Secretary to find a way of evading the statute.

In the Department of Commerce

A CRITICAL ESTIMATE OF CONGRESS

NEXT week Mr. Redfield turns his critical attention upon the House of Representatives. He describes the appalling ignorance of some of the Representatives. He tells how one Representative lives on his allowance for clerk hire, while his wife does the clerical work, so that he may establish himself in a little banking business on the expiration of his term with the $15,000 received as two years' salary.

The atmosphere of genial good-fellowship in the House of Representatives, of which Mr. Redfield was at one time a member from Brooklyn, is depicted. We see the good sportsmanship of opponents, even when engaged in sharp debate.

Tricks in the Congressional trade, the strategy of deficiency bills, the frequent distrust in Congress of executive officers, and three types of liars in and about Congress are described. The disgraceful conditions on board a Coast Geodetic Survey ship, which was finally sold for $1,015, are set forth.

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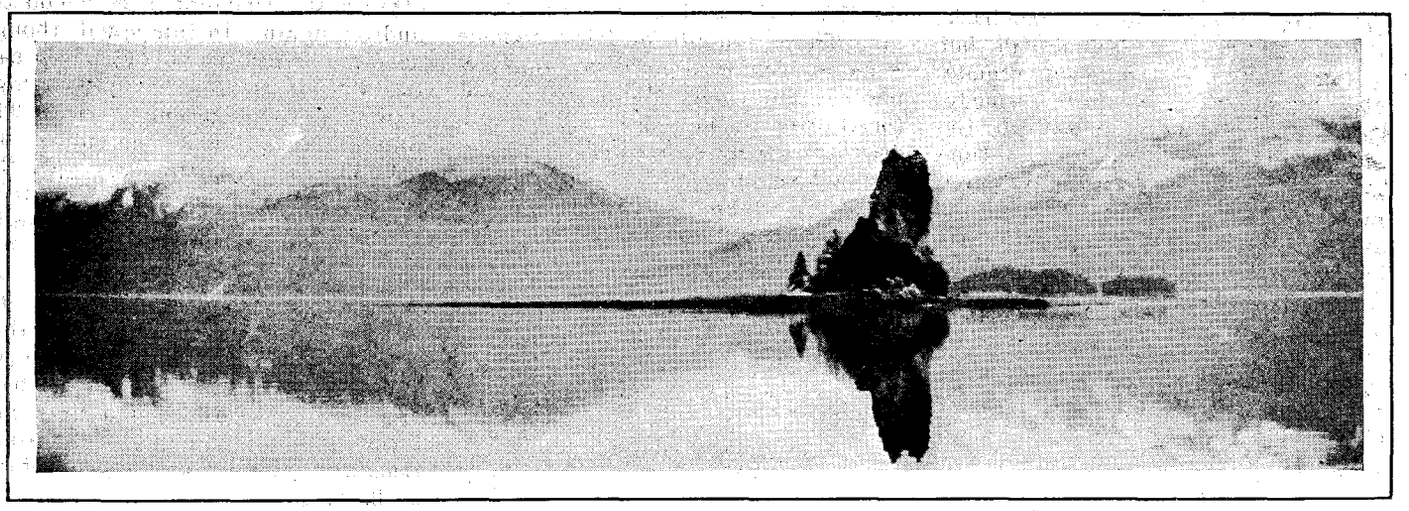

"The lack of surveys off the coast of Alaska and the consequent failure to show in charts the dangers to navigation resulted in so many accidents in those waters, involving loss of life and property, that the need for surveying vessels was urgent." The picture shows Pinnacle Rock, located in Behm Canal, Alaska. The fact that similar formations lurk just under the surface of the water in many Alaskan channels explains Mr. Redfield's plea for a thorough hydrographic survey

there was an established policy providing for the promotion of capable employees as fast and as far as law and funds permitted. Any such business arrangement, however, was unsatisfactory to some Senators and their wards in the service, and was ignored by both. The ward pulled the Senator's wire, and the Senator responded with the demand that the ward be forthwith promoted. A little matter like law was brushed aside as an inconvenience but not an essential. Justice to other clerks and department rules were alike forgotten. It was no easy task to keep the peace among disheartened employees when Senatorial aid was invoked for a promotion which had no other basis.

PETTY WILES OF THE SENATORS

In one particular case, however, the outcome was unusual. The Senator had in good faith asked repeatedly for the promotion of a clerk who was then getting all her services were worth and whose Civil Service status was such that promotion was impracticable. I was absent when the Senator called; one of the staff received him. After making his demand on behalf of the clerk and hearing in return the impracticability of granting it, the Senator wound up by saying:

"Well, if I can't have Miss X. fixed up here, I'll have her transferred to where she will be cared for."

The member of the staff, who had long been harried by the numerous requests of the clerk, quickly replied: "Very well, Senator, nothing would please the Secretary more than to approve the transfer of Miss X."

The Senator, astonished at such frankness from a subordinate, looked puzzled for a moment, and then burst into a hearty laugh and ended with, "I thank you and understand perfectly." This was the last demand on behalf of Miss X., who shortly thereafter arranged her own transfer under happier circumstances.

The clerical fortunes of a Miss Y. had been persistently followed by a Senator for many years. Not that Miss Y. was ignored by her superiors or needed the guardianship of the Senator—she was not the kind of person who let herself be ignored. Her services did not warrant the zealous Senatorial care that was given her, nor did they justify special attention. The repeated demands that she be preferred annoyed three departments, and there was rejoicing when at last a transfer was made which rid the Department of her and transferred Senatorial pressure in her behalf to a different sphere.

One day a Senator appeared at my office with a delegation to urge the appointment to an important post in the Department of a candidate whom he then and there presented to me. He dwelt at length on the candidate's virtues. The matter was taken into consideration; but not for long, for lo! again the Senator, and this time to explain that he had been obliged to say what he could for the applicant when in his presence, but that he really hoped nothing would be done about it, because the candidate was truly not a fit person for the job!

It would not be just, however, to leave the impression that all or even most members of the upper house so comport themselves. One employee sought promotion through her Senator, only to be told that she had no business to be where she was and that she should be "back home." Few were so frank. It should be remembered that requests of this kind were usually made by clerks to Senators without making any application to their own superiors. It was necessary to stop such gross discourtesy by requiring as a condition precedent to promotion that application should be made through the chief of the employing service. This partly checked the practice. There were some surprising cases in which the Senator suggested what he would like to have done if the law permitted and if it was otherwise feasible.

WORKING WITH THE SENATE

Two further observations ought to be made on this subject—one, that the Department of Commerce, being farther from the Capitol than any other, was said to benefit thereby from greatly reduced legislative pressure; the other, that the larger number of Senators took no part in political pressure for employees, but came as business men to transact public affairs in a helpful spirit, and this without regard to party affiliations. It is doubtful if there is any other place where more unrewarded, unselfish work is done on behalf of individuals and causes than in the United States Senate. The head of an important committee cordially assisted in undoing a serious official injustice in which he had no direct interest. Another worked earnestly for years to bring about Federal aid for vocational education. One Senator is distinguished for broad knowledge of Government workings acquired by patient study for many years.

The legislative relationship between a Government department and the Senate is not usually so close as with the House of Representatives. In the latter body originate the authorizing and the making of appropriations—two different processes which are in the hands of two committees and which require separate action by the House itself. It is some emergency

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arising after the House committee has acted or some important omission by the House that leads to a direct appeal to the Senate for an appropriation. Such an appeal, if granted, is not welcome to the House, and, as the result must pass the hazards of a conference committee which includes members of the House, it often fails. At times it becomes the duty of a Secretary to take this risk.

Appearance before the Appropriations Committee of the Senate was briefer and more agreeable than was the case before the like Committee of the House. Time was always limited; one had to speak concisely and to the point, but the Senators were uniformly courteous even when their inquiries were searching. The bullying which was common in certain subcommittees of the House Appropriations Committee was happily absent and a good case received a fair hearing.

Once in Alaska I found that a landlord was about to take advantage of the expiration of a lease for property used as a lighthouse depot to raise the rent threefold. The location was at best unsatisfactory. Unused Government land was near. On reaching Washington, it was found that the pending Appropriations Bill had passed the House and was before the Senate Committee. A hearing was there granted, and the cupidity of the landlord was properly punished. An appropriation was made for a new depot owned by the Government, less costly and more effective than the old one.

RUTHLESSNESS OF A COMMITTEE CHAIRMAN

But matters did not always go so well. The lack of surveys off the coast of Alaska and the consequent failure to show in charts the dangers to navigation resulted in so many accidents in those waters, involving loss of life and property, that the need for surveying vessels was urgent. It had been the fact since the foundation of the Government that, though the Coast and Geodetic Survey was charged with the duty of surveying and sounding the entire coastal waters of the United States on both oceans, including Alaska, Hawaii, and the Philippines, not one vessel had ever been specially built for the work. The service was using an odd lot of old ships of various kinds, several of which had become unsafe. One of them, the schooner Matchless, had been a blockade runner in the war between the States. Consequently an earnest appeal for new vessels was made. The request for the appropriation was refused in the House Committee, but it was deemed of sufficient importance to be taken up with the Senate in the hope that this body would insert the item in the pending bill and that it might pass the hazards of conference. The Chairman of the Senate Committee on Appropriations was inclined to be testy. The Committee was in a hurry and not disposed to add appropriations. I was, however, permitted to state the case, and did so earnestly, knowing that human lives were at stake. Questions and answers followed from several members, until at last the Chairman could endure no longer and burst out: "Your case is too strong. I'll not give you anything," and he did not.

It was not until long after this that an appropriation was made for the first vessel ever built in the United States for its coast survey work. This ship, the S. S. Surveyor, was constructed at Manitowoc, Wisconsin, and was brought to the Atlantic coast through the Great Lakes and the St. Lawrence River and canals. She arrived just in time to be taken with other vessels of the service into the Navy. She is now at her work in Alaska, bearing upon her smoke-stack a gold chevron and a gold star—the former indicating service in the war zone, and the latter telling of her success in assisting to disable, on May 17, 1918, in the Mediterranean Sea, the German submarine U-39, which sank the Lusitania.

GOVERNMENT BY SUSPICION

Does it seem strange that in a demonstrable case where lives were not only being imperiled but lost, a request based on fact should be so ruthlessly treated?

(C) Underwood

The late Winthrop Murray Crane, United States Senator from Massachusetts, was one of Mr. Redfield's boyhood friends

It is not explained by saying that these men were callous or cruel; they were neither, though their action had the same effect as if they were. They simply did not believe. Congress does not enjoy having an executive department urge a duty upon it. Knowing almost nothing of the facts themselves, these men thought the Secretary overstated; perhaps that he was working for a record, or that some bureau chief had misled him. They thought anything except that they were being told the simple truth. It was "government by suspicion" doing deadly work. Of course other services were pressing their demands, and there was not enough to go around; there never is. Least of all did the members of the Committee accept any responsibility for the results of their act of omission. It was pointed out to them that the rocks in the Alaska channels were commonly named after the ships wrecked upon them, and that the continuous loss of vessels could be stopped only by adequate surveys and by charting and marking the dangers. Still their minds were controlled by pique, unbelief, or suspicion, and were opened slowly to the truth. Much has since been done to make Alaskan waters safer, but much remains to be done there and elsewhere before our coastal waters will be as safe as we know how to make them.

After each recurring election the average voter notes the result and turns more or less cheerfully to work, glad to forget politics for a time. He foregathers with his neighbor of the opposite party and in a hundred ways shows that he has become almost unconscious of political differences. Not so in Washington. There the strife, often a petty strife, goes on always; sometimes visible, often unseen. Partisan attack and passionate reply take the Senate's time while public business waits. What has been well called "the schism between facts and politics" appears in grim reality. Myths are vehemently discussed. Ignorance finds free and long expression. Motives are imagined which do not exist. The Senate lives at times in a world apart from life. Its debates often lack touch with realities. Surmise, suspicion, prejudice, are vocal. One need not go so far as to adopt the words of a recent writer about "gray-brained Senators," yet it is true that thinking is often conspicuous by its absence and empty words take up the weary tale. The "adjective secretions" of some Senators are usually in ample flow.

WHEN PROUD SENATORS EAT HUMBLE PIE

There is one time when all Senatorial *hauteur* is laid aside and the master becomes a suppliant. This is

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the period between nomination and election in a doubtful State. Then the Senator seeks the department whose wishes he had scorned and humbly asks appointment of such as can aid him. He "cannot be elected unless Mr. X. is appointed." Fortunately, the Civil Service Law blocks any large amount of such misuse of public services. The advantages of such appointments are illusory. Patronage reacts upon itself and makes at least one enemy for every friend. But the patronage hunter, in or out of office, is like those insect larvæ that daily eat many times their own weight. They consume the time and thought of many busy officers, and the sole end and purpose of their being is to fatten themselves. Fortunately, neither they nor those who yield to their persuasions are as numerous as they are accounted. Many Senators have flatly refused to become the vehicle of their desires.

Set upon a high place, holding the reins of power, the Senate does itself injustice in many ways. It obscures its true greatness in a cloud of its own making and limits its usefulness by adhesion to self-created customs which would often be "honored in the breach." "Senatorial courtesy" at times obstructs the public business and men with little minds speaking loud and long conceal the truth.

The mention of Senatorial courtesy reminds me that it is rarely a public virtue and sometimes not a private one. Consider this case: A Senator was invited to an official dinner at an embassy, on which occasion the guest of honor was a distinguished official from the Senator's own State. The Senator accepted, and the hostess arranged that he should take out as his dinner partner the daughter of one of the foremost official families. About 8:15, however, the guests being assembled, the Senator telephoned that he was not coming. There was no excuse offered of illness or occupation nor any note of apology. I was there at the time, and noted the exceptional tact with which the situation thus created was managed. We will not dwell on the feelings of the host and hostess and of the guest of honor at this singular behavior. A new escort was found for the lady, and perhaps, all things considered, the occasion was the happier for the Senator's absence, though not for his rudeness.

It is unfortunate that the country cannot always respect the Senate as it desires to do and as, upon the whole, it merits, because such cases as I have described and others of similar purport conceal sound realities of thought and power. It is not always obvious, but it is always true that many Senators do their work in a non-partisan spirit. They are willing to learn from men of opposing views and are fearless of that shallow consistency which has well been called the virtue of weak minds.

One is fortunate who has known as friends such Senators as have done honor to the Senate by their presence therein. There are such men, many of them. The Senate can give to these no dignity. It springs naturally out of their inmost lives. There was my father's friend and the admiration of my boyhood, the Hon. Henry L. Dawes, of Massachusetts. There was my own friend from childhood, the Hon. Winthrop Murray Crane, also of Massachusetts. Both of these, my fellow-townsmen, were of the sort that men delight to honor. There have been many others, such as Bayard, Morrill, Edmunds, Thurman—one cannot list them all. There are many like them in the Senate to-day. Upon their characters their lesser colleagues cast no shadow.

"OH, MISSIONARIES!"

BY MARGARET WENTWORTH

> The principal difference between a cat and a lie is that the former has only nine lives.—*"Pudd'nhead Wilson," by Mark Twain.*

THERE are two accusations commonly brought against missionaries which cannot both be true of any one missionary or of any one missionary group. One is that they are a set of hard, narrow bigots, incapable of appreciating any beauty, poetry, or mysticism in the native religions, and bent on propagating among the peoples of non-Christian lands a sectarianism as rigid as any to be found at home; and the other, that they are idle, useless, and luxury-loving, are getting more money than they would be capable of earning at home, and are scandalizing "the heathen" by the difference between their profession and their practice. To hear such critics talk, you would think they had reached these conclusions after a careful study of all missions in Asia, Africa, and the islands of the sea; but if you question them closely it is doubtful if they have ever visited the mission work of their own home cities or States.

It was my great privilege to serve two years as a volunteer missionary in China and to have glimpses of mission work in Hawaii, Japan, Korea, India, and Egypt. I admit I am not a wholly unprejudiced witness—I have too warm a sense of gratitude and appreciation for countless courtesies received—but I am a first-hand one, and my experience is not confined to any one mission. Let me begin by telling you an incident of my voyage out.

Two of the officers of a certain mission—not the one with which I was connected—were going out for an inspection trip of the work. Their missionaries had always been required to travel second class across the Pacific, where conditions are quite different from those on the transatlantic and Mediterranean steamers. Before our steamer reached Honolulu they had changed into first-class staterooms, and had had the decency to issue a decision to the effect that their missionaries were to travel first class henceforth and forever. But if they had not made that trip their missionaries with their wives and little children would still be voyaging second class, and, quite possibly, their people might have been inveighing against the unwarranted luxury of missionaries' traveling first class.

It is ninety years or more since the first missionaries of any American Christian body went to China. They left an America which had no electric lights, no telegraph nor telephone, no knowledge of antisepsis nor anæsthetics, no suspicion that tuberculosis, typhoid, smallpox, and plague were not due to a visitation of God instead of being caused by the ignorance and negligence of men. All honor to those early missionaries for the courage they showed, for the hard work they did, for the discomforts and dangers they endured; but when you have stood by the early graves of many—ah, so many!—of them you feel that it would be as unreasonable to expect the modern missionary to endure similar hardships as it would be to require him to go out by a sailing vessel or freight steamer.

Few missionaries are sent out nowadays who have not had three years of some special training in addition to a college course. Doctors, nurses, clergymen, deaconesses, teachers, are perhaps most in demand, and, besides their home preparation, they must spend much time in acquiring a new language. Having found qualified people to serve, it is mere economy to take

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care of them while serving. In China, for instance, they find a land having extremes of heat and cold, a land almost wholly ignorant of sanitation and innocent of quarantine, a land lacking many conveniences which we have come to consider necessaries. Is it folly or wisdom to see that they have well-drained houses, capable of being heated in winter and screened in summer? Is it folly or wisdom to give them a breathing-space in the mountains during the worst heat? Is it wisdom or folly to expect them to spend the greater part of a six months' furlough at home in lecturing, appealing for funds, trying to stir up interest? Is it wisdom or folly to send them out without seeing that they have all the protection against contagious disease which modern science affords? Let us be economical, by all means, but let us be more economical of lives than of money.

It is true that the missionaries, in China at least, have many servants. But servants are absolutely, as well as relatively, cheap. Four or five can be paid and maintained for less than the wages of one here. Missionaries' wives must supervise housework and sewing, teach their own children, exercise hospitality on a scale undreamed of at home, and besides teach in Sunday school, visit the Chinese women, and carry on prayer-meetings and the like. Women without children usually have definite work outside their homes.

If a critic of missionaries finds one who smokes, plays tennis, and wears evening dress, he often says, approvingly, "You're not a bit like a missionary, you're so human." But let a missionary display a little temper, a little tactlessness, and straightway his conduct is unbecoming to a missionary and a gentleman. And yet is there anything more "human" than our common failings?

An accusation frequently made, but which I never heard in specific form, is that missionaries divert to their own use moneys collected for designated objects in their fields. Do not those who make such assertions know that mission accounts are audited as expertly and thoroughly as those of any business concern, and that missionaries may not appeal for funds without being authorized to do so? I do not believe the people who propagate these vague rumors will ever be impoverished by their gifts to any cause.

There may be cranks in the mission field, but there are few weaklings. When you feel inclined to condemn them, consider the following conditions. Picture yourself far from your native environment, in a climate debilitating in summer, severe in winter; realize what it means to have no concerts, lectures, nor movies; what it means to read newspapers three days old and to have the arrival of new books an event; what it means to live among an alien people to whom you are an alien; what it means to live in a community so small that every one knows your parlor and your mental furniture, so small that your hopes, fears, clothes, sins, disappointments, and incomes are all an open book to those around you; and then ask yourself whether you are quite sure that you would be just as well-poised, just as self-controlled, just as able to keep your tongue, your temper, and your judgment at the end of a five years' term of service as you were at its beginning. If you can say yes and can get any one to agree that you are not flattering yourself, take the next steamer out; for you are badly needed!

The missionary community is not a heaven below nor an assemblage of saints; it has not even the cloistered atmosphere, calm with a sort of hothouse calm, which is found in communities with a capital; but it is a very real family life, for all that. Just as in your own family you are quarreled with and are told home truths and are teased about your weak points, and, above all, are never allowed to pose about anything and get away with it, so it is in the mission family. But just as in your own family, whenever you are out of health or down on your luck, whenever you need a lift or a loan, you get prompt sympathy and service, so in the mission family you will find the same spirit.

> Like a mighty army moves the Church of God.

When we used to sing those words, we visioned the army moving forward as smoothly and resistlessly as a motor. We have seen war since then; and we know that an army doesn't move that way at all. It moves by fits and starts, with snarls and tangles and eddies, with blunders, with fatigue; it moves sometimes with incompetent officers and unwilling soldiers, yet it moves! The missionaries are on the firing line, often down in the trenches. They don't ask any Croix de Guerre; they are where they are because they want to be; but it does not seem too much to ask of those who are supposed to be in the supporting reserves at home to aim their artillery at the enemy lines.

As to bigotry and the native religions, most boards nowadays enjoin a sympathetic attitude towards "whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report" in these historic faiths. At the same time who should know better than we what a gulf exists between theory and practice? Confucianism undoubtedly supplied the strong cement which has held China together in spite of civil war and foreign aggression; but its "dead hand" lies heavy on every phase of human effort for advancement. Buddhism in every-day life is not the Buddhism of "The Light of Asia." Taoism, beginning as a high type of mysticism, has become a gross and revolting materialism. The dead are buried, the young betrothed, and state and municipal improvements are begun or halted according to the predictions of soothsayers.

Superstition is not confined to "heathen" lands, though I think it is always an indication of "heathen" disbelief in God. But its power to make people miserable and to influence their whole lives is certainly greater in China than with us.

There are a good many people who seriously object to the industrial civilization which has been evolved in America and Europe and who naturally dislike seeing it extended to Asia, but it is not fair to blame the missionaries for it. They have enough responsibilities which really belong to them!

Another burning question is that of contributions. People ask querulously whether they are supposed to go on forever supporting missions abroad when there is so much to do at home, and perhaps in the next breath will say that the Chinese are so poor it is a shame to demand anything from them for the church work. Not all Chinese are poor, though it is true that the majority of converts have been; but if they do not learn to give of their poverty, they will assuredly never give of their abundance. On the other hand, we must convince them that what they are giving to is worth while. If our foreign institutions in China are well equipped and well manned, they will train the leaders who will ultimately take over all the work.

Modern thought, modern science, modern methods of trade, travel, and government are already working in China. Shall we refuse to carry her the one gift which makes our civilization endurable? It is easy to scoff at individual Christians, individual churches, to point out the persecutions and religious wars which have disfigured the pages of history; but no fair-minded person can deny that it was the force of the ideals of Christ which broke down slavery, which raised woman from the position of a chattel to that of a free being, which taught us to care for the sick, needy, and suffering, which insists that the Fatherhood of God is the only logical and lasting foundation for the brotherhood of man. Are we going to refuse to send this message, not only to China, but throughout the world, because we have no one to carry it but just missionaries?

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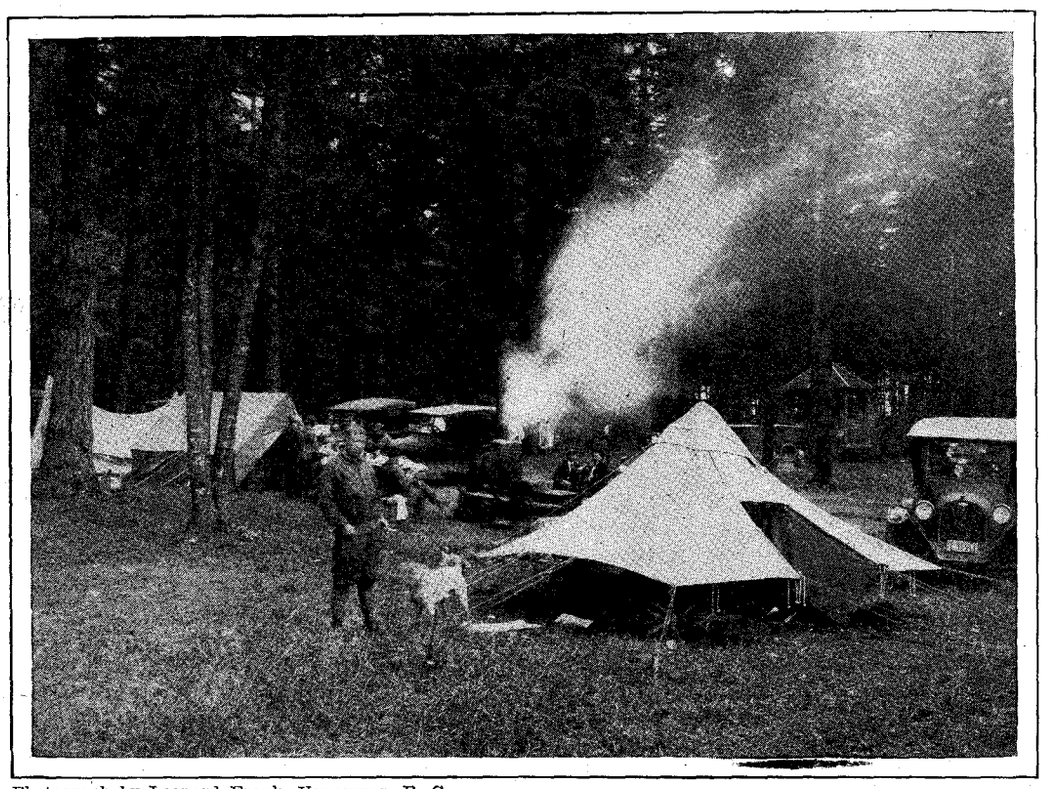
ALONG WESTERN HIGHWAYS

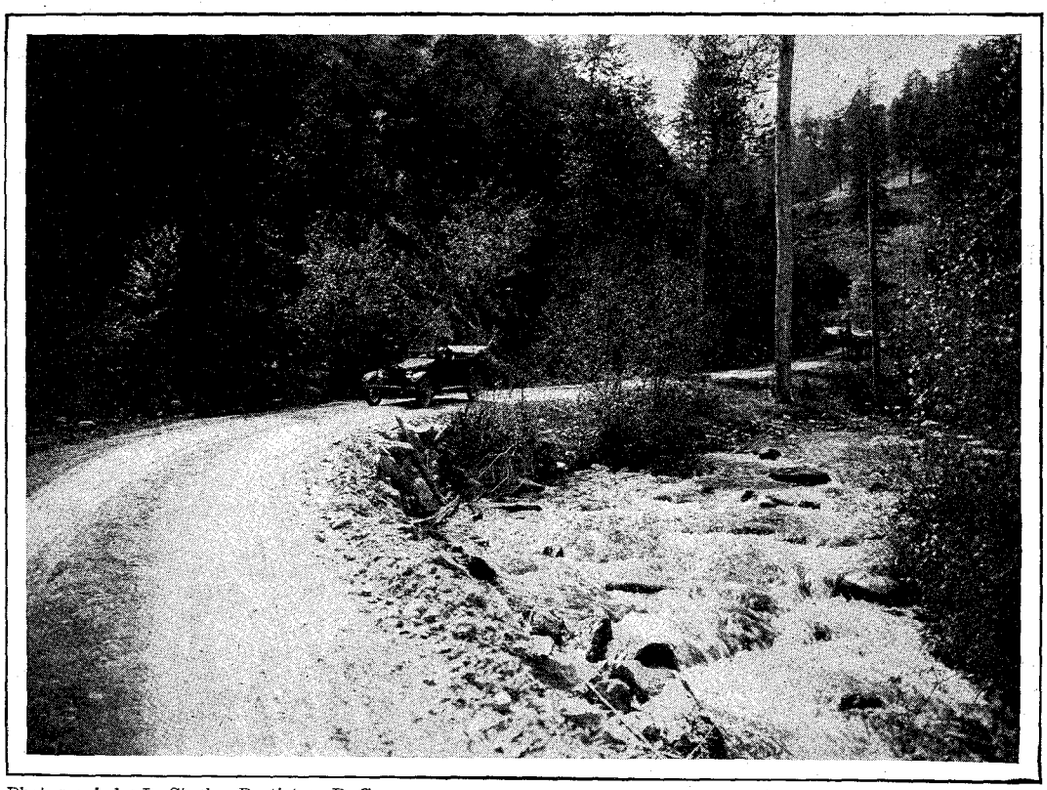


Photograph by Leonard Frank, Vancouver, B. C.

A typical road-camp on the Coast—for motorists. This one is at Vancouver, British Columbia. The entire Pacific Coast territory, so rich in fine scenery, is rapidly becoming a motorist's paradise, because of the magnificent roads connecting in all directions. A regular system of road-camps is one of the later comforts. Observe that steam is up in the heating outfit of this camp. And imagine the delight of a hot meal and a "clean-up" after a day's motoring. In some of the highly commercialized camps in Washington State fine baths have been built. The camp in the picture has not that luxury, but at any rate it has the advantage of being "free"

The farther north one travels in both the Rockies and the Cascade Range, the higher the mountains and the grander the scenery. The transprovincial highway of British Columbia (through the Crow's Nest Pass) is accordingly popular with all Coast tourists, and a fine system of connecting roads between Washington and British Columbia has been arranged to afford southern motorists an outlet to this highway, as well as northern motorists a corresponding passage down to the famous Washington and Oregon Coast cities.

This scene on this British Columbia highway by the rushing Kettle River, in the Similkameen Valley of the Cascade Range, is an example of the mountain grading and selection of passes which make motoring quite easy and possible through territory which is, generally speaking, wild and broken.



Photograph by L. Stocks, Penticton, B. C.

From L. D. Hatch, Victoria, B. C.

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THE BOOK TABLE

THE REVIEWER IN MID-CHANNEL

BY HERBERT S. GORMAN

SIR ARTHUR WING PINERO once wrote a play entitled "Mid-Channel," which was concerned with that period of married life when the couple grew restless and dissatisfied with each other. The glamour of the honeymoon had worn away. A mutual existence had revealed the faults of husband and wife, the little things that irritate. Both wondered if they might not have done better. So existence became as choppy and uncertain as the middle of the English Channel. Successful marriages weather this period and sail into the calm waters of experience and tolerance. Unsuccessful ones founder. I imagine the same must be true of veteran book reviewers. They reach a mid-channel where they are overwhelmed with the futility of their existence. The same meretricious books appear and the reviewer writes down the same empty phrases. The reviewer wonders if he might not have done better if he had taken up plumbing or got a job in a hand laundry.

All of which, perhaps, indicates that I have reached thirty years of age, given up the Great American Book as a joke, did not rest through my vacation, and need a change of diet. But I feel that it is more than this. I feel that it is time to take stock, deliberate, and reach conclusions. In other words, I must end a period. I must shake out the vast rag-bag of odds and ends that have gathered throughout twelve years (bits of Pater, phrases of Symons, theories of De Gourmont, backward glances at Matthew Arnold), sort the few things of value from the pile, calmly tie up the remainder into a neat parcel, and take it out to the middle of Williamsburg Bridge, say (a figurative Williamsburg Bridge), drop it over the side, and return with as innocent an expression as a reviewer can register upon his supposedly somewhat sinister countenance. Perhaps the parcel will float out into the Atlantic Ocean. Perhaps it will cross that vast expanse of water (unvexed by literary reviews) and be flung up on the shore of Merrie England. Perhaps Robert Lynd or J. C. Squire or Edward Garnett will see it and pick it up. And in this way I will disrupt English literary criticism. I am very sure that in the past England has done the same to us. Many and many a parcel of discarded theories has washed upon our native shores. Anyway, I have been carrying this load too long. I have had too many convictions. I have not been inconsistent enough. While others have been courageously writing criticism I have been timidly writing reviews. The distinction is obvious, as even Professor Brander Matthews will admit. It is unbearable. I must do something about it.

And so the realization becomes clear that I have reached the end of a period, and to end it properly I must discover exactly what I think about people who write poetry. I must discover what I think about the people whose books I have been reviewing in a somewhat easy-going and comatose state for the past decade or more. And I must look a bit beyond them and ferret out the enthusiasms that made me essentially a reviewer of poetry. It is a truism that all things move in cycles, and it is quite possible that the mind of the critic (to which I lay no claim, dear scoffers) eventually reaches the place from which it made its first rash advance.

I think that it was in 1905 or 1906 that I came to life and suddenly observed that there were a great many books to read which were just being written. As to authentic values, any student may turn back to the Sahara-like expanse of American letters during those years and judge for himself. We were living on the fag-end of an old tradition, although of course it never occurred to me that a new era might be about to knock on the gate. My juvenile capacities could not embrace the writing on the walls. I could hear the creaking of the rotting piles at times, but how was I to know that it prefigured the sudden crashing down of stately old edifices? Before those years 1905 or 1906 I had hugged the delusion that the only books worth reading were those that had been written by men long since dead. I knew that I wanted to be a poet (much to the disgust of my boyhood friends), and perhaps it was this desire that led me to open the pages of Jessie B. Rittenhouse's "The Younger American Poets." I can understand now what an adventure that book was. Her very title postulated something that was doubted. She was crying in the Great Thebaid of America, and there were few to listen. She published her book in 1904. It was sublime. Whether or not she proved her case I do not know. In some cases I am afraid she did not. The book had its omissions, but I did not observe them, and there was no reason to expect Mrs. Rittenhouse to observe them. She included poets that are to-day nonentities, and she left out, for instance, Mr. Edwin Arlington Robinson, who had, I believe, published three books when her volume was written and whose sterling qualities were recognized by Theodore Roosevelt in The Outlook in 1905. He too was a prophet.

It is interesting to observe some of the names which Mrs. Rittenhouse considered in her volume—interesting to me, at least, for I cut my poetic teeth upon them, if such an outrageous phrase may be allowed one who is thoroughly shameless. Who remembers Frederick Lawrence Knowles to-day? Yet the charm of his "Love Triumphant," somewhat faint to be sure, lingers with me still. I can even repeat that poem beginning—

> Helen's lips are drifting dust;
> Ilion is consumed with rust;
> All the galleons of Greece
> Drink the ocean's dreamless peace.

And Mary McNeill Fenollosa and Gertrude Hall and Arthur Upson? *Où sont les neiges d'antan?* All of these poets had their importance then. But how sad and true it is that most of these "younger American poets" stopped right there and failed to reach the stature of "older American poets"! What happened to them? What delayed them? Was it because they were playing on violins that were steadily crumbling to dust in their hands? Were they merely spinning out a tradition that had already blown thin?

There was no furor for poetry in America fifteen years ago. Perhaps we were resting up from the spiritual exhaustion of the Yellow Nineties. And yet I am not inclined to think that that era had much influence upon us, if we except such isolated examples as "Mam'selle New York," the organ of Messrs. Huneker, Vance Thompson, Percival Pollard, and a few kindred souls. It may be possible that Pegasus was hibernating, presumably in the Cave of Æolus. Certainly he burst forth with rushing winds not so long thereafter. Those years of barrenness were years of expectation and gestation. It was the lull before the storm. For the lovers of poetry, and they appeared few enough, it was all expectancy. For the poets themselves, and they were fewer still, it was all gestatory. For some it was not even gestatory. Miss Millay, for instance, was possibly falling down and bumping her nose and Miss Welles was probably crooning to her doll. Mrs. Wylie was but an eaglet in the nest, and Mr. Untermeyer, it may be suspected, was smoking his first cigarette behind the fence. Mr. Masters was undoubtedly beginning the years of arduous practice that were to end, possibly to his own extreme bewilderment, in "Spoon River Anthology." Most of

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the younger generation were just crawling out of their cradles.

Still, there was Mr. Clinton Scollard, who came riding in with the wind from the desert, Khamsin! and Mr. Richard Watson Gilder pouring forth his mellifluous golden notes from the office of the "Century." And what a group of minor figures! Frank Dempster Sherman, Lloyd Mifflin, Virginia Woodward Cloud, John B. Tabb, Madison Cawein, Richard Burton, Charles G. D. Roberts, and a dozen others! They were fine—then.

In such an era I put Wordsworth and Keats and Longfellow on the back shelf and began to wonder about the values of poetry. I could feel the lack that steadily grew into a prodigious ache of a great figure. Of course we pinned our faith to various writers. There was Mr. Ridgely Torrence, to whose genius I still pin my faith. It has been pinned there for fifteen years, but hope is deathless. Bliss Carman was a man to ponder about, but the greater shadow of Richard Hovey, then but lately dead, somewhat obscured him. I could never read Carman without thinking of Hovey and going back to the three series of "Songs from Vagabondia." Edwin Arlington Robinson, a strange solitary figure, was writing poetry practically as mature as the work he puts forth to-day, but somehow I did not discover him. Neither did any one else, for that matter. And there was Louise Imogen Guiney, George E. Santayana, Josephine Preston Peabody, George E. Woodberry, who ate of the laurel, Alice Brown, and Harriet Monroe. It can hardly be asserted that any one of them fulfilled the prophecies of their disciples. Perhaps it was the atmosphere of America; perhaps they merely reached the limits of their endeavors and could go no further. I know that most of them will pardon me for writing of them in a past tense, but it is a fact that they belong to an era which does not exist. It is not their fault. Some of them were excellent poets as poets go. It is my conviction that their lost vogue is occasioned by a new intellectual spirit, an eager and youthful curiosity that is impatient of the fag-ends of past periods. It was in the fringe of a dying period that I first started to write reviews. With bowed head I acknowledge that I matured too soon. I should have been born five years later. I have been trying to straddle two periods—one of youthful enthusiasms, the other of mature reflections. And that is why I have reached mid-channel. The two attitudes of mind do not jibe.

I have reached a point of time. I am trembling upon the perilous brink of thirty, and I must wave my hand to sweet sixteen. It is impossible to go back now. And it is hard to go forward. But no longer will I sing "Blue Bell" to the accompaniment of the banjo or observe the balloon-like puffs upon my sister's sleeves. The Sunday bicyclists have gone with the Gibson pompadours. College ices have become sundaes and petticoats have gone the way of the wind. The dear breathless days of expectation are over, and I must sit in the shade of the sheltering palm (ah, "Florodora"!) and patiently await a new crop of them. I am foolishly aware that if I am permitted to reach the ripe age of forty (by irate authors) I shall write an article bewailing the disappearance of the past decade's convictions. I shall do the same at fifty, and so on, *ad infinitum*. It is the pleasantest sort of essay to write, anyway, for one alternately smiles and sighs while inditing it.

O tempora! O mores! I shall be reading Charles Lamb again and bellowing at the quips of my Uncle Toby. I shall even wipe the dust from Samuel Richardson's "Clarissa Harlowe" with the anticipation of really finding out what is in the book from which I learned to read. But I shall not open it, after all. By the time I get that far a new batch of poetry will arrive via the parcels post (in the old days we had to go to the office to get it) and I shall be formulating a new set of theories.

It appears to me that these scattered thoughts prove only one thing—once a reviewer, always a reviewer. Mid-channel once past, the reviewer is safe in the sheltered harbor of mature thought. His convictions may rise about him like high peaks and promontories and shut some of the vistas away, but perhaps his limitations are good. At least he knows thoroughly what is in the bay. And it is easy enough to sight new ships. The peaks and promontories may be climbed. Balboa is a case in point.

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THINGS REMEMBERED. By Arthur Sherburne Hardy. Illustrated. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $5.

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COPPER BOX (THE). By J. S. Fletcher. The George H. Doran Company, New York. $1.75.

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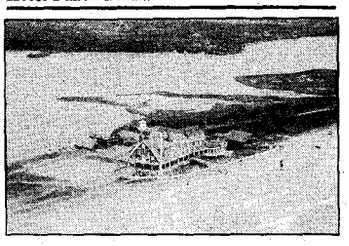

Weekapaug Inn and Cottages
Five miles east of Watch Hill, swept by ocean breezes. Small exclusive house, famed for comfort and high-class cooking. Fine, clean beach and safe surf bathing direc ly in front; beautiful inlet three miles long for sailing, rowing, canoeing. Private stalls for motors. Tennis courts. Two golf courses near by. New London, Mystic Woods, Narragansett, Newport, within short motoring reach. Open this year June 21. Booklet.
F. C. BUFFUM, Weekapaug, R. I.

VERMONT

COLD SPRING CAMPS
"Quimby's Own" for Over Twenty Years
VACATION RESORT FOR ALL
Forest and Averill Lakes, Vt.
Only Maine Camps in Vermont
ALL SEASON FISHING
Twenty-second Season. Best Sport in the State
Trout, Salmon, Lake Trout, Famous Aureolas, Pickerel, Bass
Canoeing Tennis
Open May 1st to November 1st. Cabins with baths. Five lakes. Same excellent table. No Black Flies or Mosquitoes. Charter cabin and open fire now. Special rates June.
H. A. QUIMBY, Mgr., Averill, Vt.

CHESTER, Vt. "The Maples." Delightful summer home. Cheerful, large, airy rooms, pure water, bath, hot and cold; broad piazza, croquet, fine roads. Terms reasonable. Refs. exchanged. THE MISSES SARGEANT.

PROSPECT HOUSE
on LAKE BOMOSEEN, *Castleton, Vt.*
OPEN JUNE 15
A delightful resort on one of New England's most picturesque lakes. All summer diversions under ideal conditions. Bathing, boating, and tennis. Select clientele. **Rates very moderate.** Non-housekeeping lake front cottages. Booklet. I. R. Johnston, Prop.

WYOMING

Vacation on a real Stock Ranch
THE SIXTEEN-BAR-ONE TRAPPER LODGE
Horseback riding, fishing, detached sleeping cabins, tennis. Our ranch also supplies our table. Make reservations now with W. H. Wyman & Son, Shell, Big Horn Co., Wyo. N.B. Trapper Lodge maintains a complete Mountain Tour Camp in connection.

Health Resorts

MARGARET MARY COTTAGE
CHESHIRE, MASS.
In heart of beautiful Berkshires
For chronic invalids convalescents and infirm. Diet nursing a specialty. Rates reasonable. Mrs. George M. Egan, graduate nurse.

VAN VALEN SANATORIUM
YONKERS, N. Y.
Psycho-Therapeutic Treatment. Booklet.

Country Board

Mother and daughters living in old-fashioned **VERMONT Farmhouse** wish to take **boarders.** Address 9,899, Outlook.

Superior Accommodation for a refined elderly gentleman in a **pleasant village near New London, Conn.** Home attentions. $25. 9,935, Outlook.

Mountain View Farm. Among Vermont's hills. Good board, outdoor sleeping, bathroom, pure spring water, riding, motoring, fishing. Leaflet. Thelma R. Putnam, R.F.D. 3, Springfield, Vt.

No. Manlius, N. Y.
I have a few rooms and an excellent table, fresh vegetables, milk, cream, eggs. Nice quiet place, for Christians only. No children taken. Good accommodations for autos. Terms $10 to $15 per week. Train to Syracuse, and I will meet you there with auto. Miss SUSIE E. ADAMS, Homeinndale Farm, R.D. No. 2, Kirkville, N. Y.

A FEW BOARDERS will find a pleasant home and good board in a small Berkshire village. Miss F. H. Chaffee, East Lee, Mass.

Boarders Wanted

Dobbs Ferry-on-Hudson. Room, meals optional, for one or two business men in fine private home. One block station, 40 minute Grand Central. 9,965, Outlook.

Real Estate

CONNECTICUT

In best residential section of Danbury, Ct.
Large ten-room furnished house, all modern improvements; garage, veranda, garden; near golf course. Rent from June 1 to November 1, $1,200. Address Miss Dorothy N. Ryder, 114 Deer Hill Ave., Danbury, Conn.

New London, Conn. Desirable cottage at Eastern Point. 6 bedrooms, 2 baths, large living-room with fireplace, extra large porch. Convenient to beach, hotel, and golf club. Will rent June 15 to Sept 15. Address 9,975, Outlook.

OLD LYME, CONN. At historic Old Lyme there are several interesting properties for sale. A dignified post-colonial house, beautifully situated on the "Street;" a handsome and well-preserved house of great architectural interest, built in 1765; a recently remodeled farmhouse of 11 rooms and 3 bathrooms, opposite golf links; many small acreages and bits of countryside in and near Lyme. Houses for rent by the season and by the year. Charles R. Noyes, Black Hall, Conn.

Sachem Head, Conn. For sale, 7-room cottage, directly on water-front. Beautiful location. To settle estate. R. S. Bidwell, Windsor Locks, Conn.

Berkshire Farm For Sale
170 Acres Located Between
WINSTED and COLEBROOK
2½ miles from Winsted R.R. station, 7 miles from Norfolk
1,300 feet above sea level. House on hilltop in midst of 60 acres of cleared land. 4 master bedrooms, 3 bathrooms. New house, new barn, artesian well, fine sewerage system. Large apple and pear orchard, gardens, hay fields. Good hunting, magnificent view. A big bargain for quick sale, much less than cost. For full particulars, terms, etc., address JOHN S. BURWELL, 207 East 16th St., New York.

MAINE

For Rent ON GREAT POND, Belgrade Lakes, Maine
Two furnished housekeeping bungalows, with garage. Seven rooms, two baths; and eight rooms, two sleeping-porches, three baths. Electric lights, wood for fireplaces, ice and rowboat. For further particulars address Camp Rumoia, Belgrade Lakes, Maine.

CAMDEN, MAINE
Houses and Camps for rent and for sale.
GEO. H. TALBOT CO.

Camden, Me. For Rent. Fully furnished, attractive seashore cottages. Some choice locations available. $500 to $900. Photos, plans, etc. J. R. Prescott, Newtonville, Mass.

FOR RENT, Pemaquid Harbor, Me. Attractively furnished, 6-room bungalow, wonderfully located between ocean and pines. Bathroom, fireplace. For season or month. J. B. Fielding, 1536 Commonwealth Ave., Brighton, Mass.

PORTLAND, ME. To rent until Oct. 15, physician's home, 9 chambers, 4 baths. In best residential section. Box 205, Portland, Me.

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Real Estate

MAINE

FOR RENT, FURNISHED

"Lady Cove House"

FALMOUTH FORESIDE

On Casco Bay (near Portland), Maine

Modern. Designed by A. W. Longfellow. 11 bedrooms, 4 baths, garage, stable. Season $1,200. GEORGE WOODWARD, North American Building, Philadelphia.

MASSACHUSETTS

HOLLAND, MASS. For sale, two new cottages, 4 and 5 rooms, also one furnished of 5 rooms, in beautiful pine grove overlooking lake. Natural stone fireplaces, large screened-in porches; boating, bathing, and fishing. Very reasonable. F. W. DEMING, 196 Forest Park Ave., Springfield, Mass.

NANTUCKET, MASS. Furnished Cottage

Ten rooms. Ocean frontage. $350 season. R. E. FARRIER, 487 So. Salina St., Syracuse, N. Y.

TO LET On Western Slope Greylock Mountain, Williamstown, Mass., modern farmhouse. All improvements, open fireplace, wonderful views, golf; ideal place to take the family for summer. Rent moderate. Apply to H. M. Thomas, 162 Belleville Ave., Bloomfield, N. J.

NEW HAMPSHIRE

For Rent, in White Mts., Bethlehem, N. H. Furnished 9-room cottage. Modern improvements. Ideal location. Address John Macfarland, Bethlehem, N. H.

White Mts. Sugar Hill, N. H. For sale, rent, or exchange. Cottage, furnished. About 20 acres. Wm. E. Satchell, Owner, 211 Gates Ave., Brooklyn, N.Y.

WONALANCET, N. H.

Cottages to rent for the season

Apply to ARTHUR T. WALDEN

LAKE WINNIPESAUKEE BUNGALOW. $150 for *all summer, with boat; furnished*; wide piazzas; splendid fishing, sandy beach, near station and store. Owner, Box 1344, Boston.

NEW JERSEY

SHORT HILLS, N. J. For sale, Spacious year round home. Charmingly planned. 6 master's, 3 service chambers, 4 baths. Enclosed and open porches, 5 fireplaces. High elevation, beautiful forest trees, 3 acres improved property. Immediate occupancy. Easy terms. Write Apt. 12 B, 1000 Park Ave., N. Y. City.

TO RENT FOR SUMMER

2 floors—8 rooms, 2 baths, laundry and lavatory—of beautiful home. Large lawns, garden, fruit, shade trees, 2-car garage. Unusual opportunity for right people. I. L. WHITE, 19 Hobart Road, Summit, N. J.

NEW YORK

"ADIRONDACKS" COTTAGES

For Sale or To Rent.

Also Camp Sites For Sale.

W. H. Otis, Keene Valley, N.Y. Phone 14F14.

ATTRACTIVE BUNGALOW

FOR RENT FOR SUMMER MONTHS

Located directly on Trout Lake, three miles from Bolton Landing, Lake George. Entirely new. Built by present owner, who will rent for the entire season at moderate rental. **Completely furnished throughout. Five rooms (three bedrooms) and bath. Kitchen with running water. Ice, wood, and rowboat included.**

For full particulars address 9,067, Outlook.

For Sale or Rent Adirondack furnished cottage, on shores of delightful Lake Brantingham, elevat on 1,300 ft., unsurpassed climate; 9 rooms and bath, fireplace, piano, 3 porches; boathouse, 2 boats, garage. Boating, swimming, hiking, fishing, tennis, golf, dancing. Sale $4,500. Rent for season $400. HIER, 214 West 11th St., N. Y. C.

To rent for season near Saratoga

Attractive five-room furnished home. Open country, trout brooks. Apply to Eldridge Smith, R. F. D. 5, Ballston Spa, N.Y.

FOR RENT, JUNE 1 to OCT. 1

Furnished Colonial House

situated on State Road between Sharon, Conn., and Millerton, N. Y. 3 miles from Sharon, 1½ miles from Millerton, ¼ mile from Indian Lake. High elevation, wonderful lake, valley and mountain views. House has 7 large rooms, newly decorated, maid's room, bath, fireplace, hot-air furnace, and large porch. Extensive lawns and garden. *Milk and fruit can be* obtained from farm. Boat landing furnished. Address L. B. and H. E. Culver, Amenia, N.Y.

LAKE CHAMPLAIN Shore front camp for rent, furnished. Magnificent lake and mountain view. Sand beach for children. 7 rooms and bath. Rental $375. For floor plans, etc., address C. H. Easton, Box 1, Scarborough, N.Y.

Real Estate

NEW YORK

FOR RENT—At Belle Terre

(Port Jefferson), Long Island, completely furnished shore front summer home. 6 master's bedrooms, 3 baths, 2-car garage, 4 acres lawn and woods, 120 ft. dock. Boating, bathing. Near golf links. $2,500 for the season. Write owner, 195 Washington Park, Brooklyn, N. Y.

For Rent, furnished house, in Flushing. Eleven rooms, four baths, hardwood floors, gas and electricity, garden, heated three-car garage. Adjoins Old Country Club. Telephone to Flushing 2246, or write Mitchell, 207 Whitestone Ave., Flushing, L. I.

INN FOR SALE

An attractive colonial house on ½ acre of land, in southern part of New York State. An ideal place for man and wife who would like to combine a fine home and a good business. Vapor heat, electricity, natural gas. *For particulars enquire 9,923, Outlook.*

VERMONT

DORSET, VT. FOR SALE or FOR RENT 2 cozy summer bungalows for families of 4; village water, electricity, climbing roses, views; golf club near. Address E. M. CARHART.

SUMMER HOME OR HUNTING CAMP

Charming mountain camp, southern Vermont, near the Massachusetts border. 16 acres wooded, trout brook, waterfall, orchard; remodeled farmhouse, comfortable and convenient. For sale, furnished, for less than $2,000. Bargain.

MAINE LAKES AND COAST COMPANY
10 Longfellow Square, Portland, Maine

Furnished Cottages For Rent
Some Choice Properties For Sale
W. B. EDGERTON, Manchester, Vt.

Lake Champlain SOUTH HERO. Vermont

Three furnished cottages, 7 and 8 rooms, in private camp. Beautiful grove, high bluff, running water, fireplaces, artesian well, ice, tennis, safe shore. Rental $175 and $200. June 30 to Sept. 1. For particulars write PHILIP A. SWARTZ
232 Laburnum Crescent, Rochester, N. Y.

BOARD AND ROOMS

ROOMS with board. Good table. First class location, overlooking Hudson. Large and small rooms with private baths. Well furnished. Electricity. Large porches. Address C. A., 119 Locust Hill, Yonkers, N. Y.

CHRONIC, aged, private home care. Miss Bell, Bernardsville, N. J.

ACCOMMODATIONS for three guests. Private home. Boating, swimming, golf. References exchanged. 3,797, Outlook.

SUMMER guests wanted by lady having car and living alone in village near Watertown, N. Y. Ladies preferred. 3,806, Outlook.

BOOKS, MAGAZINES MANUSCRIPTS

LITTLE books of laughs. "A Southern *Negro Sermon," original dialect.* "*Down In* Georgia" contains 80 or ginal Negro stories. 50c each postpaid. Summerville Publishing Co., Summerville, Ga.

OUTLOOK. Complete set bound volumes. 1889 to 1916. For sale. 443, Newtown, Conn.

SPEAKERS.—Special subjects prepared; lectures, articles, orations, debates. Expert service. Authors' Research Bureau, 500 Fifth Ave., New York.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

SHEEPMAN desires to correspond with party willing to invest ten thousand dollars in developing sheep project with exceptional possibilities. Address J. E. McLaughlin, Westfall, Malheur Co., Ore.

STATIONERY

UNUSUALLY desirable stationery for any type of correspondence. 200 sheets high grade note paper and 100 envelopes printed with your name and address postpaid $1.50. Samples on request. You can buy cheaper stationery, but do you want to? Lewis, 284 Second Ave., Troy, N. Y.

HELP WANTED

Business Situations

HOTELS NEED TRAINED MEN AND WOMEN. Nation-wide demand for high-salaried men and women. Past experience unnecessary. We train you by mail and put you in touch with big opportunities. Big pay, fine living, interesting work, quick advancement, permanent. Write for free book. "YOUR BIG OPPORTUNITY." Lewis Hotel Training Schools, Suite 5342, Washington, D. C.

Companions and Domestic Helpers

MOTHER'S helper wanted: cheerful young woman of refinement with experience in the training of children to assist mother of four. Location, suburban New York. Engagement to begin either June or September. 3,723, Outlook.

WANTED — Housemother and assistant *superintendent for boys'* home in Philadelphia. Age preferably between 40 and 50. Woman of refinement who understands boys 3,801, Outlook.

HELP WANTED

Companions and Domestic Helpers

WANTED, experienced nurse for two children, one a boy of five, other a baby. References required. Apply Mrs. Llewellyn Powell, 114 Lenox Road, Schenectady, N. Y.

Teachers and Governesses

COUNSELOR (nature and tutoring) for attractive girls' camp in New Hampshire. Write Miss H. H. Hollister, Ridgewood, N. J.

WANTED, for girls' camp in South, handcraft councilor experienced in use of loom. Give training, experience, and references and salary expected. Address 3,808, Outlook.

WANTED—Teacher trained in modern methods as governess for six year old boy for summer months on Connecticut shore forty miles from New York. Apply with reference to 3,815, Outlook.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Professional Situations

REFINED, cultured young woman, age 26, trained nurse, college graduate, senior medical student, desires position as nurse-companion. Will travel. References exchanged. 3,733, Outlook.

Business Situations

THOROUGHLY efficient, refined woman desires position; club, motor inn, tea room, hotel, or management of gentleman's home. Excellent references. 3,805, Outlook.

Companions and Domestic Helpers

PRINCETON graduate, '23, desires position as traveling companion and tutor to youngster going abroad this summer. Experience with boys. Expenses and modest salary. Best references. 3,764, Outlook.

CULTURED college girl, experienced traveler, accomplished musician, secretarial training, athletic, will accompany children to summer camp or as companion to elderly lady. References exchanged. 3,778, Outlook.

GENTLEWOMAN: SECRETARY, housekeeper, or companion; capable experienced, *accustomed to children.* References given and required. 3,786, Outlook.

YOUNG lady, director of physical education, wishes position as companion or governess for summer. Highest references. 3,800, Outlook.

TEACHER, exceptionally congenial to children, experienced in foreign travel, desires position as companion or mother's helper with family going to Europe this summer. Expenses only. 3,799, Outlook.

PHILADELPHIAN, college graduate, will render services, secretarial, governess, companion, for expenses or part to California. 3,804, Outlook.

YOUNG lady of refinement going abroad to study music would like position as companion to lady or chaperon to children for *traveling expenses. Finest references.* 3,802, Outlook.

COLLEGE junior desires travel position for summer months as companion or tutor for one or two girls. Resourceful and adaptable. References exchanged. Apartment 12-B, 1000 Park Ave., New York.

RECENT college graduate wishes opportunity to defray expenses to California. Will act as companion, attendant. Can drive car. References. 3,796, Outlook.

LADY, refined, middle-aged, desires position as a companion. BEST of references. 3 812, Outlook.

EXPERIENCED Swedish woman wishes position as managing housekeeper. Trustworthy, capable, refined. Highest recommendations. Miss Otterberg, 6 Spruce St., Princeton, N. J. Phone Princeton 493-J.

WANTED, by an English lady, position as housekeeper for business couple or widower's family. Experienced. 3,813, Outlook.

AMERICAN woman, experienced, desires position; matron in boys' school or home in country. 3,819, Outlook.

COLLEGE girl. Summer position with children. Experienced, athletic. References exchanged. 3,824, Outlook.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Companions and Domestic Helpers

WANTED—*Position as useful companion* to children or elderly person while parents or children are away; or as responsible caretaker of home during owner's absence, by refined Protestant woman. References. Address 3,817, Outlook.

LADY, experienced, college training, manager of dining-room, cafeterias; position of cook, desserts, pastry, or salads; seaside or mountain resort. References. 3,816, Outlook.

Teachers and Governesses

TEACHER, college graduate, desires position as tutor-companion-governess. Experienced. References. Free June 19. Will travel for expenses only. 3,603, Outlook.

COLLEGE student, young man, wants *summer work directing athletics for young* boys or tutoring for college entrance. Best references. Address 3,761, Outlook.

CORNELL UNIVERSITY INSTRUCTOR wishes summer position, tutoring or secretarial. 3,770, Outlook.

EXPENSES only—Teacher wishes position as governess to young children. Available July and August. Chicago references. 3,779, Outlook.

DOMESTIC science teacher and supervisor of school lunch-room. Camp or resort position. 3,792, Outlook.

EXPERIENCED teacher, Eastern college woman, desires summer work as tutor or companion. References exchanged. 3,795, Outlook.

YOUNG French woman wants position to teach French in a family. Write Mlle. Pivot, Pearl St., Lynchburg, Va.

TEACHER of young children, free June-November. Familiar with European travel. Expenses and small margin. 3,809, Outlook.

PRINCETON undergraduate desires summer position as tutor-companion. Genial, competent; honor student. 3,820, Outlook.

TUTORING this summer desired by junior at Wesleyan. Excellent references. 3,822, Outlook.

COLLEGE man wishes to travel abroad as tutor-companion for expenses. Drives car. Edmund Leeds, Jr., 71 Brown St., Providence, R. I.

NURSERY governess, seamstress, seeking *position for summer. References.* 3,823, Outlook.

ENGLISH lady, teacher, disengaged June 9, wants suitable summer work with family, here or to travel. Highest references. Wright Academy, Madison, N. J.

GOVERNESS or HOUSEHOLD ASSISTANT, experienced and competent, 12 years' first class New York and Philadelphia references, desires position; is American by birth, Protestant, 42 years old. Speaks English, French, German. Fond of children all ages, physical care (practical nurse), outdoor sports, sewing and fine needlework. Miss H. Moeller, 105 East 80th St., New York.

MISCELLANEOUS

TO young women desiring training in the care of obstetrical patients a very thorough nurses' aid course of six months is offered by the Lying-In Hospital, 307 Second Ave., New York. Monthly allowance and full maintenance is furnished. For further information address Directress of Nurses.

BOYS wanted. 500 boys wanted to sell The Outlook each week. No investment necessary. Write for selling plan, Carrier Department, The Outlook Company, 381 Fourth Ave., New York City.

SHOPPING made a pleasure by New York shopper offering services free. References. Miss Guthman, 309 West 99th St.

HOME school for children summer months. *Berkshire foothills.* Music, art, dancing, outdoor activity, tutoring. 3,309, Outlook.

SUMMER HOME with supervision, Hewlett School for girls, Hewlett, Long Island, twenty miles from New York.

HELP WANTED!

ARE YOU in need of a Mother's Helper, Companion, Nurse, Governess, Teacher, Business or Professional Assistant?

The Classified Want Department of The Outlook has for many years offered to subscribers a real service. A small advertisement in this department will bring results.

The rate is only ten cents per word, including address

Department of Classified Advertising
THE OUTLOOK
381 Fourth Avenue New York City

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BY THE WAY

"OF all the striking figures that have appeared in Harvard College," a member of the class of 1867 says in the "Harvard Alumni Bulletin," "Professor Sophocles is undoubtedly the most picturesque." Professor Evangelinus Apostolides Sophocles, it seems, was a learned Greek, born in the Vale of Tempe, who emigrated to America in the early fifties of the last century and became Professor of Greek in Harvard. Many stories of his eccentricities are told in the "Bulletin." Here are two of them:

In one of his recitations he asked: "Pratt: Where did Homer see lions?"

"Not prepared, sir."

"Landon: Where did Homer see lions?"

Landon (the first scholar in the class): "Not prepared, sir."

"Nason: Where did Homer see lions?"

Nason was a very low scholar, and to make a laugh answered: "In Barnum's circus, sir."

"Right! You are right! He did see them in the collections of the Kings."

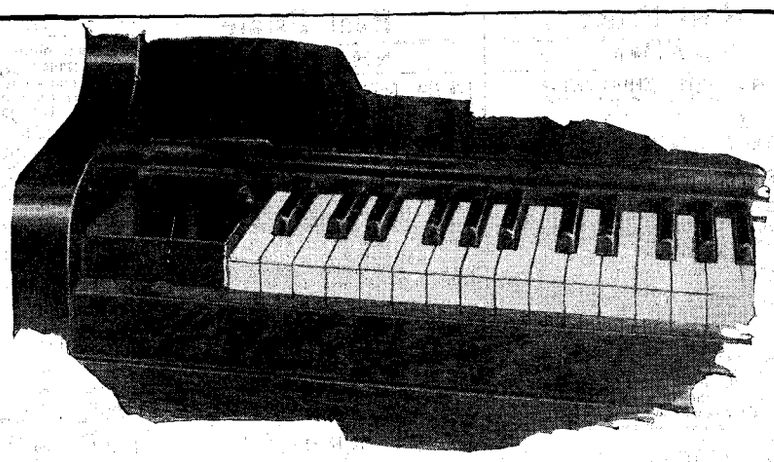
And down went an 8 (the highest mark) for Nason, said to be the first that had ever come to him.

When Professor Shaler was a young instructor, he was crossing the Yard with a sheaf of examination "blue-books" when Professor Sophocles met him. "What are you doing with those things?" Professor Sophocles asked, pointing to the books. "Those are examination papers," replied young Shaler, "and my position unfortunately compels me to read and mark them." "Oh, I never do that," remarked Sophocles; "after a boy has been in one's class a few weeks, you know just about what he can do. If he doesn't do so well on an examination, it's an accident; and if he does better—he's cheating."

Reno may soon lose her ridiculous title of the Divorce City, a correspondent of "Collier's" says, and become known to fame as the greatest home-building center in America. That is, if a new enterprise pans out right. "There are mountains of what the chemists call diatomaceous soil here, which looks like chalk but which can be bound with magnesite to produce building blocks cheaper than bricks or concrete, and with only a small fraction of their weight." If the soil of Nevada can be exported, like her gold and silver, to other States, a vast development of prosperity may be looked for.

From "Punch:"

Absent-minded Professor (who has started buttoning his vest at an angle): "My new suit has come, Marion, but I can't possibly wear it. The



"Wash"—Don't Scour Teeth

You Wouldn't Scour the Piano Keys

You know what gritty cleansers would do to them. Ivory and teeth are first cousins—made of the same basic substance.

Every time you *scratch* your teeth with a gritty, soapless tooth paste, you remove part of the surface. You can use Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream during a long lifetime without in the slightest degree injuring the delicate enamel of your teeth.

The most trustworthy tooth cleanser for habitual use is one that offers the combined action of fine *non-gritty* precipitated chalk and pure vegetable-oil soap. Thus, in Colgate's you get what modern science finds best. Its non-gritty precipitated chalk loosens clinging particles from the enamel. Pure and mild, its vegetable-oil soap washes them away.

COLGATE & CO.
Established 1806

COLGATE'S
RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
DELICIOUS ANTISEPTIC ECONOMICAL
COMES OUT A RIBBON LIES FLAT ON THE BRUSH
CANNOT ROLL OFF THE BRUSH
CLEANS TEETH THE RIGHT WAY
Washes and Polishes Doesn't Scratch or Scour

Colgate's cleans teeth thoroughly — no safe dentifrice does more. A LARGE *tube costs 25 cents— why pay more?*

Truth in Advertising Implies Honesty in Manufacture

Photographs and Cartoons

THE OUTLOOK can always use good amateur photographs of interesting scenes or events. We pay $3 for each one accepted, if suitable for a half page or smaller; $5 if selected for full-page reproduction. We especially want snapshots made by the person submitting the photographs. Cartoons are also desired; if accepted we pay $1 each. Postage should be inclosed for return of photographs if not available for our use; cartoons are not returned.

The Outlook Company, 381 Fourth Ave., New York

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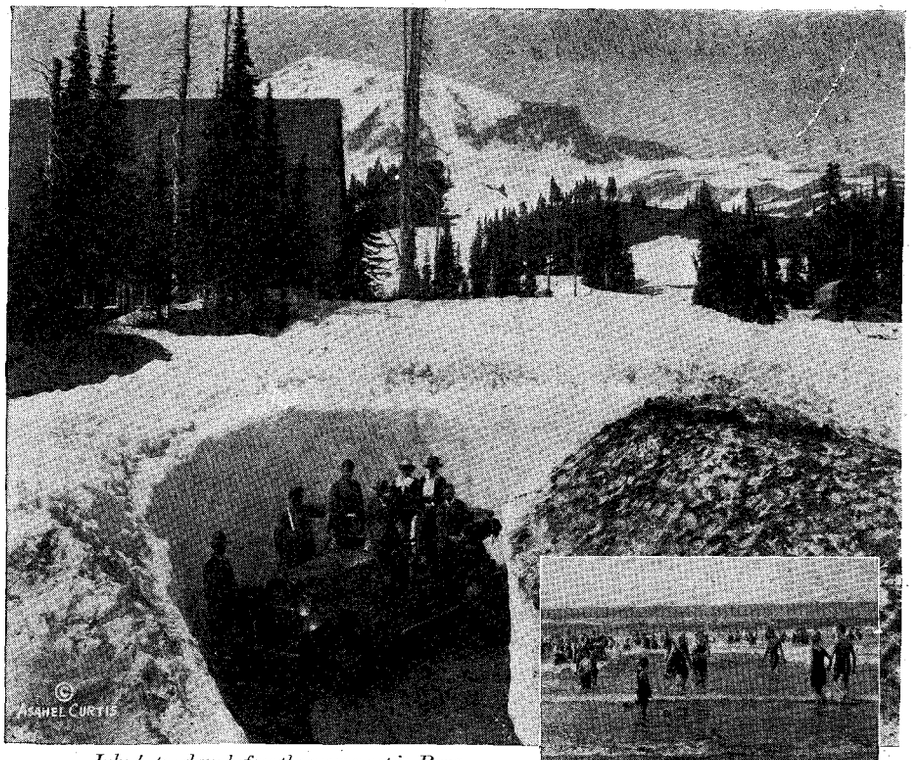

July 4, ten days before the snow went in Paradise Valley, Mt. Rainier National Park.

Right—July on the Charmed Land coast.

All in a Day in *The Charmed Land*

——Come this Vacation

YOU will take a morning dip in the sea and after luncheon motor up to Mt. Rainier National Park and dine 6,000 feet in the air at the base of the most majestic and inspiring mountain peak on the Continent outside of Alaska, a mountain whose glaciers exceed the entire glacial system of Switzerland and whose base is a gorgeous meadow of Alpine flowers. The horizon will be bounded by other similar peaks. You will do a bit of climbing and if you're fit you will go to the top with the Swiss guides.

You will make pilgrimages to some of the entrancing mountain lakes and cast a fly and fill your creel in nearby streams. You'll go for the King Salmon in the inner reaches of the ocean, and motor over hard-surfaced roads along the sea, through stately forests and beautiful countrysides.

You will find good golf everywhere. You will go yachting, canoeing, and swimming; hike and climb and camp.

You will have a real Charmed Land vacation and round it out perhaps by running up to Alaska, the world's supreme scenic trip, for the final climax to a golden summer.

The air has the tang of the sea, the ozone of the mountains and the fragrance of the forests—always cool, balmy and restful. You will wonder how you can eat so much and sleep so much and feel so wonderfully fit.

Low round trip excursion fares or a trip through Wonderland for the transcontinental motorist.

Excellent accommodations everywhere and reasonable costs.

Send for the Charmed Land booklet, brimming with alluring details, and come to us this year.

No visitor to any part of the Pacific Coast should fail to travel at least one way via Seattle and The Charmed Land.

SEATTLE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE, 903 Arctic Building, Seattle, Washington

SEATTLE—*Center of America's Summer Playground*

Where Travelers Sail for Japan, China, the Philippines and Alaska

A Trial for Sailing Honors in Seattle Harbor

BY THE WAY (*Continued*)

waistcoat is not only short of a button, but of a buttonhole as well."

Here are some sample stories from the New York "Herald's" page of "Stories They Like to Tell Again:"

From Henry Holt:

"'Sam, you keep on chawin' so much tobakker, an' yu'll nevah be an ole man.'

"'Well, dad, yu's pretty middlin' ole, an' yu's allus chawed a lot o' tobakker. How ole is yer, anyway?'

"'Well, Sam, I s'pecs I's about eighty, but if I hadn't nevah chawed no tobakker I mout be a hun'erd by dis time.'"

From Representative W. G. Connery, of Massachusetts:

"A colored regiment was about to go over the top one morning. A big colored soldier jumped on the parapet of the trench and shouted, 'Come on, you Boche, send ovah yo' minnywerfers, yo' whiz-bangs, yo' Austrian eighty-eights, yo' two hundred tens, send ovah ev'ything yo' got, yo' Boche, I'se awaitin', I'se awaitin'!'

"Just then a big two hundred ten shell exploded alongside of him, picked him up and blew him about thirty yards down the trench. He picked himself up out of the mud, felt himself all over to see if he was wounded, found out he wasn't and then gasped out, 'Good Lawd, man, dat's whut I calls service!'"

Kermit Roosevelt, now in the Far East, has completed with the Toyo Kisen Kaisha Line, of Japan, arrangements for a joint round-world service, according to "American Shipping." The joint service will be known as the T. K. K.-Roosevelt Line. The Roosevelt Steamship Co. will be general agents for the United States Atlantic and Gulf coasts, and Toyo Kisen Kaisha will be general agents on the Pacific coast and in the Far East.

From the London "Mail:"

Doctor—"Drink. That is what's the matter with you. You must give it up at once."

Inebriate—"Is it as serious as that, doctor? Why, I thought it was some simple thing that could be got rid of by an operation."

A Swedish publishing house, according to the "Writer," is the first in the world to film its own books. "This is the beginning of a system whereby imaginative writers may see more faithful adaptation of their works to the screen. The firm in question," says the "Writer," "announces the establishment of its own film studio and scenario department," as a result of the frequent application of Swedish authors to the publishers to help them in disposing of the film rights to their own works.

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